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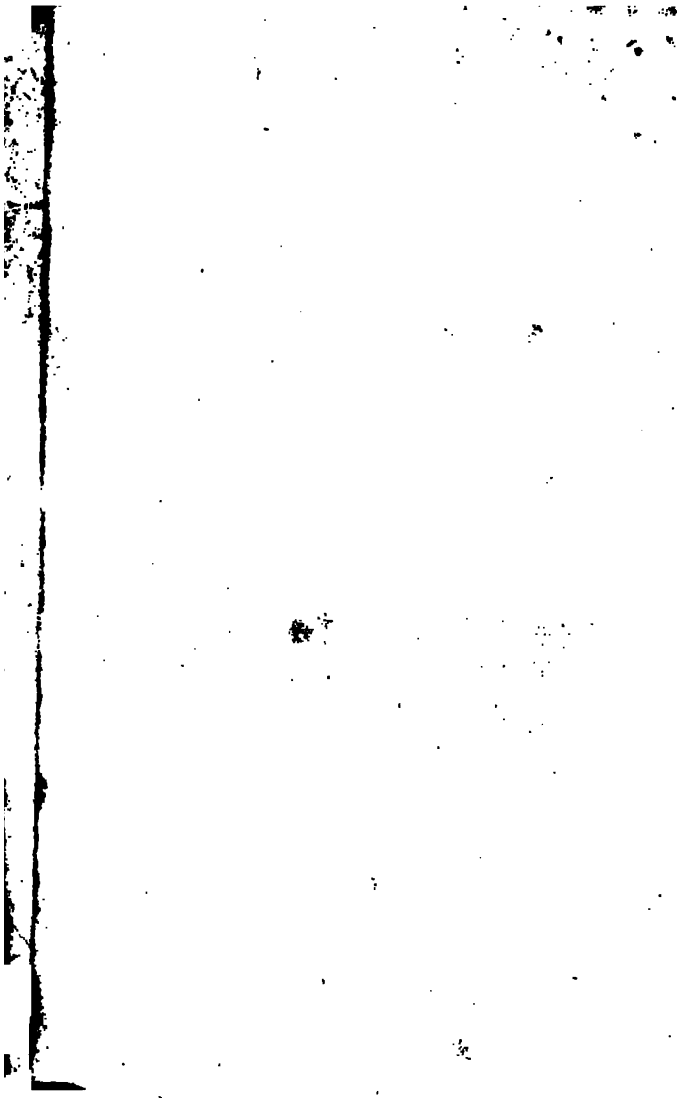

MISCELLANIES.

THE
TENTH VOLUME.

By Dr. SWIFT.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may perhaps be objected againſt ſome of the Letters which will be found in this Volume, that they are too trifling, and were never intended, by the Author, for the Eye of the Publick: But as it was thought it would be an agreeable Entertainment to the Curious, to ſee how oddly a Man of his great Wit and Humour could now and then deſcend to amuſe himſelf with his particular Friends, it is hoped this will apologize for the Publication of them.

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Letter XXXI.

ON THE

TRINITY.

1 Epiſt. Gen. of St. JOHN V. 7.

For there are Three that bear Record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghoſt; and theſe Three are One.

THIS Day being ſet apart to acknowledge our Belief in the Eternal TRINITY, I thought it might be proper to employ my preſent Diſcourſe entirely upon that Subject; and I hope to handle it in ſuch a Manner, that the moſt Ignorant among you may

return home better informed of your Duty in this great Point, than probably you are at preſent.

It muſt be confeſſed, that by the Weakneſs and Indiſcretion of buſy (or at beſt, of well-meaning) People, as well as by the Malice of thoſe who are Enemies to all Revealed Religion, and are not content to poſſeſs their own Infidelity in Silence, without communicating it to the Diſturbance of Mankind; I ſay, by theſe Means, it muſt be confeſſed, that the Doctrine of the Trinity hath ſuffered very much, and made Chriſtianity ſuffer along with it. For theſe two Things muſt be granted: Firſt, That Men of wicked Lives would be very glad there were no Truth in Chriſtianity at all; and ſecondly, If they can pick out any one ſingle Article in the Chriſtian Religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted Reaſon, or to the Arguments of thoſe bad People, who follow the Trade of ſeducing others, they preſently conclude that the Truth of the whole Goſpel muſt ſink along with that one Article; which is juſt as wiſe, as if a Man ſhould ſay, becauſe he diſlikes one Law of his Country, he will therefore obſerve no Law at all; and yet, that one Law may be very reaſonable in itſelf, although

although he does not allow it, or does not know the Reaſon of the Lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great Doctrine of the Trinity; which Word is indeed not in Scripture, but was a Term of Art invented in the earlier Times to expreſs the Doctrine by a ſingle Word, for the ſake of Brevity and Convenience. The Doctrine then, as delivered in Holy Scripture, tho' not exactly in the ſame Words, is very ſhort, and amounts only to this, That the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, are each of them God, and yet that there is but One God. For, as to the Word *Perſon*, when we ſay there are three Perſons; and as to thoſe other Explanations in the *Athanaſian* Creed this Day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanaſius* or no) they were taken up three hundred Years after Chriſt, to expound this Doctrine; and I will tell you upon what Occaſion. About that time there ſprang up a Hereſy of a People called *Arrians*, from one *Arrius* the Leader of them. Theſe denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the reſt of the Goſpel (wherein they were more ſincere than their Followers among us.) Thus the Chriſtian World was divided into two Parts, till at length, by

the Zeal and Courage of Saint *Athanaſius*, the *Arrians* were condemned in a General Council, and a Creed formed upon the true Faith, as Saint *Athanaſius* hath ſettled it. This Creed is now read at certain times in our Churches, which although it is uſeful for Edification to thoſe who underſtand it, yet ſince it contains ſome nice and philoſophical Points which few People can comprehend, the Bulk of Mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture-Doctrine, as I have deliver'd it. Becauſe that Creed was intended only as an Anſwer to the *Arrians* in their own Way, who were very ſubtle Diſputers.

But this Hereſy having revived in the World about an hundred Years ago, and continued ever ſince; not out of a Zeal to Truth, but to give a Looſe to Wickedneſs, by throwing off all Religion; ſeveral Divines, in order to anſwer the Cavils of thoſe Adverſaries to Truth and Morality, began to find out farther Explanations of this Doctrine of the Trinity, by Rules of Philoſophy; which have multiplied Controverſies to ſuch a Degree, as to beget Scruples that have perplexed the Minds of many ſober Chriſtians, who otherwiſe could never have entertained them.

I muſt therefore be ſo bold to affirm, that the Method taken by many of thoſe learned Men to defend the Doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a Miſtake.

It muſt be allowed, that every Man is bound to follow the Rules and Directions of that Meaſure of Reaſon which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwiſe if he will be ſincere, or act like a Man. For Inſtance: If I ſhould be commanded by an Angel from Heaven to believe it is Midnight at Noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in Scripture, that *Three* are *One*, and *One* is *Three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common Senſe of that Expreſſion, but muſt ſuppoſe that ſomething dark or myſtical was meant, which it pleaſed God to conceal from me and from all the World. Thus in the Text, *There are Three that bear Record*, &c. Am I capable of knowing and defining what Union and what Diſtinction there may be in the Divine Nature? which poſſibly may be hid from the Angels themſelves. Again, I ſee it plainly declared in Scripture that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the Prerogative of God in knowing Men's Thoughts; in ſaying *He and his Father are*

one; and, *before Abraham was, I am.* I read, that the Diſciples worſhipped him: That *Thomas* ſaid to him, *My Lord and my God:* And Saint *John*, Chap. 1ſt, *In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.* I read likewiſe that the Holy Ghoſt beſtowed the Gift of Tongues, and the Power of working Miracles, which, if rightly conſidered, is as great a Miracle as any, that a Number of illiterate Men ſhould of a ſudden be qualified to ſpeak all the Languages then known in the World, ſuch as could be done by the Inſpiration of God alone. From theſe ſeveral Texts it is plain that God commands us to believe there is an Union, and there is a Diſtinction; but what that Union, or what that Diſtinction is, all Mankind are equally ignorant, and muſt continue ſo, at leaſt till the Day of Judgment, without ſome new Revelation.

But becauſe I cannot conceive the Nature of this Union and Diſtinction in the Divine Nature, am I therefore to reject them as abſurd and impoſſible, as I would if any one told me that three Men are one, and one Man is three? We are told, that a Man and his Wife are one Fleſh; this I can comprehend the Meaning of; yet,

yet, literally taken, it is a Thing impoſſible. But the Apoſtle tells us, *We ſee but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the ſecret Ways and Workings of God.

Therefore I ſhall again repeat the Doctrine of the Trinity, as it is poſitively affirmed in Scripture: That God is there expreſſed in three different Names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghoſt; that each of theſe is God, and that there is but one God. But this Union and Diſtinction are a Myſtery utterly unknown to Mankind.

This is enough for any good Chriſtian to believe on this great Article, without ever inquiring any farther. And this can be contrary to no Man's Reaſon, although the Knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another Difficulty of great Importance among thoſe who quarrel with the Doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with ſeveral other Articles of Chriſtianity; which is, that our Religion abounds in Myſteries, and theſe they are ſo bold to revile as Cant, Impoſture, and Prieſt-craft. It is impoſſible for us to determine for what Reaſons God thought fit to communicate ſome Things to us in part, and

leave ſome part a Myſtery. But ſo it is in Fact, and ſo the Holy Scriptures tell us in ſeveral Places. For Inſtance: The Reſurrection and Change of our Bodies are called Myſteries by Saint *Paul*; our Saviour's Incarnation is another: The Kingdom of God is called a Myſtery by our Saviour, to be only known to his Diſciples; ſo is Faith and the Word of God by Saint *Paul*: I omit many others. So that to declare againſt all Myſteries without Diſtinction or Exception, is to declare againſt the whole Tenor of the New Teſtament.

There are two Conditions that may bring a Myſtery under Suſpicion. Firſt, when it is not taught and commanded in Holy Writ; or, ſecondly, when the Myſtery turns to the Advantage of thoſe who preach it to others. Now, as to the firſt, it can never be ſaid, that we preach Myſteries without Warrant from Holy Scripture, although I confeſs this of the Trinity may have ſometimes been explained by human Invention, which might perhaps better have been ſpared. As to the ſecond; it will not be poſſible to charge the Proteſtant Prieſthood with propoſing any temporal Advantage to themſelves by broaching or multiplying, or preaching of Myſteries. Does this Myſtery of the

the Trinity, for Inſtance, and the Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, bring the leaſt Profit or Power to the Preachers? No; it is as great a Myſtery to themſelves as it is to the meaneſt of their Hearers; and may be rather a Cauſe of Humiliation, by putting their Underſtanding in that Point upon a Level with the moſt ignorant of their Flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman* Church hath very much enriched herſelf by trading in Myſteries, for which they have not the leaſt Authority from Scripture, and were fitted only to advance their own temporal Wealth and Grandeur; ſuch as *Tranſubſtantiation*, *Worſhipping of Images*, *Indulgences* for Sins, *Purgatory*, and *Maſſes* for the *Dead*; with many more: But it is the perpetual Talent of thoſe who have Ill-Will to our Church, or a Contempt for all Religion, taken up by the Wickedneſs of their Lives, to charge us with the Errors and Corruptions of Popery, which all Proteſtants have thrown off near two hundred Years: Whereas thoſe Myſteries held by us have no Proſpect of Power, Pomp, or Wealth, but have been ever maintained by the univerſal Body of true Believers from the Days of the Apoſtles, and will be ſo to the Reſurrection;

tion; neither will the Gates of Hell prevail againſt them.

It may be thought perhaps a ſtrange thing, that God ſhould require us to believe Myſteries, while the Reaſon or Manner of what we are to believe is above our Comprehenſion, and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at firſt ſight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the Glory of God, or contribute to the Goodneſs or Wickedneſs of our Lives. But this is a great and dangerous Miſtake. We ſee what a mighty Weight is laid upon Faith, both in the Old and New Teſtament. In the former we read how the Faith of *Abraham* is praiſed, who could believe that God would raiſe from him a great Nation, at the very ſame time that he was commanded to ſacrifice his only Son, and deſpaired of any other Iſſue. And this was to him a great Myſtery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching Faith to his Diſciples, or reproaching them with the Want of it; and Saint *Paul* produceth numerous Examples of the Wonders done by Faith. And all this is highly reaſonable; for, Faith is an entire Dependence upon the Truth, the Power, the Juſtice, and the Mercy of God; which

which Dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great Excellency of Faith conſiſts in the Conſequence it hath upon our Actions: As, if we depend upon the Truth and Wiſdom of a Man, we ſhall certainly be more diſpoſed to follow his Advice. Therefore, let no Man think that he can lead as good a moral Life without Faith, as with it; for this Reaſon, Becauſe he who has no Faith, cannot, by the Strength of his own Reaſon or Endeavours, ſo eaſily reſiſt Temptations, as the other who depends upon God's Aſſiſtance in the overcoming his Frailties, and is ſure to be rewarded for ever in Heaven for his Victory over them. *Faith*, ſays the Apoſtle, *is the Evidence of Things not ſeen:* He means, that Faith is a Virtue by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not ſee, nor can conceive it; becauſe, by Faith we entirely depend upon the Truth and Power of God.

It is an old and true Diſtinction, that Things may be above our Reaſon without being contrary to it. Of this Kind are the Power, the Nature, and the univerſal Preſence of God, with innumerable other Points. How little do thoſe who quarrel with Myſteries, know of the com-

commoneſt Actions of Nature? The Growth of an Animal, of a Plant, or of the ſmalleſt Seed, is a Myſtery to the wiſeſt among Men. If an ignorant Perſon were told that a Loadſtone would draw Iron at a Diſtance, he might ſay it was a Thing contrary to his Reaſon, and could not believe before he ſaw it with his Eyes.

The Manner whereby the Soul and Body are united, and how they are diſtinguiſhed, is wholly unaccountable to us. We ſee but one Part, and yet we know we conſiſt of two; and this is a Myſtery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the Trinity.

From what hath been ſaid, it is manifeſt, that God did never command us to believe, nor his Miniſters to preach, any Doctrine which is contrary to the Reaſon he hath pleaſed to endow us with; but for his own wiſe Ends has thought fit to conceal from us the Nature of the Thing he commands; thereby to try our Faith and Obedience, and encreaſe our Dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God ſhould pleaſe to reveal unto us this great Myſtery of the Trinity, or ſome other Myſteries in our Holy Religion, we ſhould not be able to underſtand

ſtand them, unleſs he would at the ſame time think fit to beſtow on us ſome new Powers or Faculties of the Mind, which we want at preſent, and are reſerved till the Day of Reſurrection to Life eternal. *For now*, as the Apoſtle ſays, *we ſee through a Glaſs darkly, but then Face to Face.*

Thus, we ſee, the Matter is brought to this Iſſue; we muſt either believe what God directly commands us in Holy Scripture, or we muſt wholly reject the Scripture, and the Chriſtian Religion which we pretend to profeſs: But this, I hope, is too deſperate a Step for any of us to make.

I have already obſerved, that thoſe who preach up the Belief of the Trinity, or of any other Myſtery, cannot propoſe any Temporal Advantage to themſelves by ſo doing. But this is not the Caſe of thoſe who oppoſe theſe Doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral Lives than a good Chriſtian? Are *they* more juſt in their Dealings? more chaſte, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but on the contrary, their Intent is to overthrow all Religion, that they may gratify their Vices without any Reproach from the World, or their own Conſcience; and are zealous to bring over as many

many others as they can to their own Opinions; becauſe it is ſome kind of imaginary Comfort to have a Multitude on their Side.

There is no Miracle mention'd in Holy Writ, which, if it were ſtrictly examined, is not as much contrary to common Reaſon, and as much a Myſtery as this Doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore we may with equal Juſtice deny the Truth of them all. For Inſtance: It is againſt the Laws of Nature, that a Human Body ſhould be able to walk upon the Water, as Saint *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead Carcaſe ſhould be raiſed from the Grave after three Days, when it began to corrupt; which thoſe who underſtand Anatomy will pronounce to be impoſſible by the common Rules of Nature and Reaſon. Yet theſe Miracles, and many others, are poſitively affirmed in the Goſpel; and theſe we muſt believe, or give up our Holy Religion to Atheiſts and Infidels.

I ſhall now make a few Inferences and Obſervations from what hath been ſaid.

Firſt, It would be well if People would not lay ſo much Weight on their own Reaſon in Matters of Religion, as to think every thing impoſſible

impoſſible and abſurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right Rules of Reaſon in the whole Courſe of our Lives? *Reaſon* itſelf is true and juſt, but the *Reaſon* of every particular Man is weak and wavering, perpetually ſway'd and turn'd by his Intereſts, his Paſſions, and his Vices. Let any Man but conſider, when he hath a Controverſy with another, though his Cauſe be ever ſo unjuſt, though the whole World be againſt him, how blinded he is by the Love of himſelf, to believe that Right is Wrong, and Wrong is Right, when it makes for his own Advantage. Where is then the right Uſe of his Reaſon which he ſo much boaſts of, and which he would blaſphemouſly ſet up to controul the Commands of the Almighty?

Secondly, When Men are tempted to deny the Myſteries of Religion, let them examine and ſearch into their own Hearts, whether they have not ſome favourite Sin which is of their Party in this Diſpute, and which is equally contrary to other Commands of God in the Goſpel. For, why do Men love Darkneſs rather than Light? The Scripture tells us, *Becauſe their Deeds are evil*; and there can be no other Reaſon

Reaſon aſſigned. Therefore when Men are curious and inquiſitive to diſcover ſome weak Sides in Chriſtianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its Diſadvantage, it is plain they wiſh it were not true, and thoſe Wiſhes can proceed from nothing but an evil Conſcience; becauſe, if there be Truth in our Religion, their Condition muſt be miſerable.

And therefore, *Thirdly*, Men ſhould conſider, that raiſing Difficulties concerning the Myſteries in Religion, cannot make them more wiſe, learned, or virtuous; better Neighbours, or Friends, or more ſerviceable to their Country; but, whatever they pretend, will deſtroy their inward Peace of Mind, by perpetual Doubts and Fears ariſing in their Breaſts. And, God forbid we ſhould ever ſee the Times ſo bad, when dangerous Opinions in Religion will be a Means to get Favour and Preferment; although even in ſuch a Caſe it would be an ill Traffick, to gain the World, and loſe our own Souls. So that upon the whole it will be impoſſible to find any real Uſe towards a virtuous or happy Life, by denying the Myſteries of the Goſpel.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Thoſe ſtrong Unbelievers, who expect that all Myſteries ſhould be ſquared and fitted to their own Reaſon, might have ſomewhat to ſay for themſelves, if they could ſatisfy the general Reaſon of Mankind in their Opinions; but herein they are miſerably defective, abſurd, and ridiculous; they ſtrain at a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel; they can believe that the World was made by Chance; that God doth not concern himſelf with Things below, will neither puniſh Vice, nor reward Virtue; that Religion was invented by cunning Men to keep the World in Awe; with many other Opinions equally falſe and deteſtable, againſt the common Light of Nature as well as Reaſon; againſt the univerſal Sentiments of all civilized Nations, and offenſive to the Ears even of a ſober Heathen.

Laſtly. Since the World abounds with peſtilent Books particularly written againſt this Doctrine of the Trinity; it is fit to inform you, that the Authors of them proceed wholly upon a Miſtake: They would ſhew how impoſſible it is that *Three* can be One, and *One* can be Three; whereas the Scripture ſaith no ſuch Thing, at leaſt in that Manner they would

make it: But only that there is ſome kind of Unity and Diſtinction in the Divine Nature, which Mankind cannot poſſibly comprehend: Thus the whole Doctrine is ſhort and plain, and in itſelf uncapable of any Controverſy; ſince God himſelf hath pronounced the Fact, but wholly concealed the Manner. And therefore many Divines who thought fit to anſwer thoſe wicked Books, have been miſtaken too, by anſwering Fools in their Folly; and endeavouring to explain a Myſtery which God intended to keep ſecret from us. And as I would exhort all Men to avoid reading thoſe wicked Books written againſt this Doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; ſo I think they may omit the Anſwers, as unneceſſary. This I confeſs will probably affect but few or none among the Generality of our Congregations, who do not much trouble themſelves with Books, at leaſt of this kind. However, many who do not read themſelves, are ſeduced by others that do; and thus become Unbelievers upon Truſt and at ſecond Hand; and this is too frequent a Caſe: For which Reaſon I have endeavoured to put this Doctrine upon a ſhort and ſure Foot, levelled to the meaneſt Underſtanding; by which we may, as the Apoſtle directs, be ready always to give

give an Anſwer to every Man that aſketh us a Reaſon of the Hope that is in us, with Meekneſs and Fear.

And thus I have done with my Subject, which probably I ſhould not have choſen, if I had not been invited to it by the Occaſion of this Seaſon, appointed on purpoſe to celebrate the Myſteries of the Trinity, and the Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, wherein we pray to be kept ſtedfaſt in this Faith; and what this Faith is I have ſhewn you in the plaineſt Manner I could. For upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commands us, by our Dependence upon his Truth and his holy Word, to believe a Fact that we do not underſtand. And this is no more than what we do every Day in the Works of Nature, upon the Credit of Men of Learning. Without Faith we can do no Works acceptable to God; for if they proceed from any other Principle, they will not advance our Salvation; and this Faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our Senſes, or contradicting our Reaſon. May God of his infinite Mercy inſpire us with true Faith in every Article and Myſtery of our Holy Reli-

her Huſband, and the Younger to the Elder; doth here, in the Words of the Text, ſumm up the Whole, by advancing a Point of Doctrine, which at firſt may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea all of you*, ſaith he, *be ſubject one to another.* For it ſhould ſeem, that two Perſons cannot properly be ſaid to be ſubject to each other, and that Subjection is only due from Inferiors to thoſe above them: Yet Saint *Paul* hath ſeveral Paſſages to the ſame Purpoſe. For he exhorts the *Romans* *, *in Honour to prefer one another*; and the *Philippians* †, that in *Lowlineſs of Mind they ſhould let each eſteem other better than themſelves*; and the *Epheſians* ‡, that they ſhould *ſubmit themſelves one to another in the Fear of the Lord.* Here we find theſe two great Apoſtles recommending to all Chriſtians this Duty of mutual Subjection. For we may obſerve by St. *Peter*, that having mentioned the ſeveral Relations which Men bear to each other, as Governor and Subject, Maſter and Servant, and the reſt which I have already repeated, he makes no Exception, but ſumms up the whole with commanding *All to be ſubject one to another.* From whence we may conclude,

* Rom. xii. 10 † Philip. ii. 3. ‡ Epheſ. v. 21.

clude, that this Subjection due from all Men to all Men, is ſomething more than the Compliment of Courſe, when our Betters are pleaſed to tell us they are our humble Servants, but underſtand us to be their Slaves.

I know very well, that ſome of thoſe who explain this Text, apply it to Humility, to the Duties of Charity, to private Exhortations, and to bearing with each other's Infirmities: And it is probable the Apoſtle may have had a Regard to all theſe. But however, many learned Men agree, that there is ſomething more underſtood, and ſo the Words in their plain natural Meaning muſt import; as you will obſerve yourſelves, if you read them with the beginning of the Verſe, which is thus; *Likewiſe ye Younger ſubmit yourſelves unto the Elder; yea, all of you be ſubject one to another.* So that upon the whole there muſt be ſome kind of Subjection due from every Man to every Man, which cannot be made void by any Power, Præeminence, or Authority whatſoever. Now, what ſort of Subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, ſhall be the Subject of my preſent Diſcourſe.

As God hath contrived all the Works of Nature to be uſeful, and in ſome manner a Sup-

port to each other, by which the whole Frame of the World under his Providence is preſerved and kept up; ſo, among Mankind, our particular Stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our Power reacheth, towards the Good of the whole Community. And he who doth not perform that Part aſſigned him, towards advancing the Benefit of the Whole, in proportion to his Opportunities and Abilities, is not only a uſeleſs, but a very miſchievous Member of the Publick: Becauſe he takes his Share of the Profit, and yet leaves his Share of the Burden to be born by others, which is the true principal Cauſe of moſt Miſeries and Misfortunes in Life. For, a wiſe Man who does not aſſiſt with his Counſels, a great Man with his Protection, a rich Man with his Bounty and Charity, and a poor Man with his Labour, are perfect Nuſances in a Commonwealth. Neither is any Condition of Life more honourable in the Sight of God than another; otherwiſe he would be a Reſpecter of Perſons, which he aſſures us he is not: For he hath propoſed the ſame Salvation to all Men, and hath only placed them in different Ways or Stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more Advantages

tages of Strength or Wiſdom than other Men; and by an unhappy Education, are uſually more defective in both than thouſands of their Subjects. They depend for every Neceſſary of Life upon the meaneſt of their People: Beſides, Obedience and Subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the Paſſions, Luſts, and Vanities of thoſe who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our Governors, becauſe Diſobedience would breed Seditions in the State. Thus Servants are directed to obey their Maſters, Children their Parents, and Wives their Huſbands; not from any Reſpect of Perſons in God, but becauſe otherwiſe there would be nothing but Confuſion in private Families. This Matter will be clearly explained, by conſidering the Compariſon which St. *Paul* makes between the Church of Chriſt and the Body of Man: for the ſame Reſemblance will hold, not only to Families and Kingdoms, but to the whole Corporation of Mankind. * *The Eye*, ſaith he, *cannot ſay unto the Hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the Hand to the Foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, thoſe Members of the Body which ſeem to be more feeble, are neceſſary. And whether one Member ſuffer,*

* Rom. xii. 21, 22, 23, 26.

ſuffer, all the Members ſuffer with it; or one Member be honoured, all the Members rejoyce with it. The Caſe is directly the ſame among Mankind. The Prince cannot ſay to the Merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the Merchant to the Labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more thoſe Members, *&c.* For the Poor are generally more neceſſary Members of the Commonwealth than the Rich. Which clearly ſhews, that God never intended ſuch Poſſeſſions for the Sake and Service of thoſe to whom he lends them: But becauſe he hath aſſigned every Man his particular Station to be uſeful in Life, and this for the Reaſon given by the Apoſtle, *that there may be no Schiſm in the Body.*

From hence may partly be gather'd the Nature of that Subjection which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleaſed to put us into an imperfect State, where we have perpetual Occaſion of each other's Aſſiſtance. There is none ſo low, as not to be in a Capacity of aſſiſting the Higheſt, nor ſo high, as not to want the Aſſiſtance of the Loweſt.

It plainly appears from what hath been ſaid, that no one human Creature is more worthy

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than another in the Sight of God, farther than according to the Goodneſs or Holineſs of their Lives; and, that Power, Wealth, and the like outward Advantages, are ſo far from being the Marks of God's approving or preferring thoſe on whom they are beſtowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleaſed to ſuffer them to be almoſt engroſſed by thoſe who have leaſt Title to his Favour. Now according to this Equality wherein God hath placed all Mankind with relation to himſelf, you will obſerve, that in all the Relations between Man and Man, there is a mutual Dependence, whereby the one cannot ſubſiſt without the other. Thus, no Man can be a Prince without Subjects, nor a Maſter without Servants, nor a Father without Children. And this both explains and confirms the Doctrine of the Text: For, where there is a mutual Dependence, there muſt be a mutual Duty, and conſequently a mutual Subjection. For Inſtance, the Subject muſt obey his Prince, becauſe God commands it, human Laws require it, and the Safety of the Publick makes it neceſſary. (For the ſame Reaſons we muſt obey all that are in Authority, and ſubmit our ſelves not only to the Good and Gentle, but alſo to the Froward, whether they rule according

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ing to our Liking or no.) On the other Side, in thoſe Countries that pretend to Freedom, Princes are ſubject to thoſe Laws which their People have choſen; they are bound to protect their Subjects in Liberty, Property, and Religion, to receive their Petitions, and redreſs their Grievances: So that the beſt Prince is, in the Opinion of wiſe Men, only the greateſt Servant of the Nation; not only a Servant to the Publick in general, but in ſome ſort to every Man in it. In the like manner, a Servant owes Obedience, and Diligence, and Faithfulneſs to his Maſter, from whom at the ſame time he hath a juſt Demand for Protection, and Maintenance, and gentle Treatment. Nay, even the poor Beggar hath a juſt Demand of an Alms from the Rich Man, who is guilty of Fraud, Injuſtice, and Oppreſſion, if he does not afford Relief according to his Abilities.

But this Subjection we all owe one another is no where more neceſſary, than in the common Converſations of Life; for without it there could be no Society among Men. If the Learned would not ſometimes ſubmit to the Ignorant, the Wiſe to the Simple, the Gentle to the Froward, the Old to the Weakneſſes

neſſes of the Young, there would be nothing but everlaſting Variance in the World. This our Saviour himſelf confirmed by his own Example; for he appeared in the Form of a Servant, and waſhed his Diſciples Feet, adding thoſe memorable Words, *Ye call me Lord and Maſter, and ye ſay well, for ſo I am. If I then your Lord and Maſter waſh your Feet, how much more ought ye to waſh one another's Feet?* Under which Expreſſion of waſhing the Feet, is included all that Subjection, Aſſiſtance, Love, and Duty, which every good Chriſtian ought to pay his Brother, in whatever Station God hath placed him. For the greateſt Prince and the meaneſt Slave, are not by infinite Degrees ſo diſtant, as our Saviour and thoſe Diſciples whoſe Feet he vouchſafed to waſh.

And although this Doctrine of ſubjecting ourſelves to one another may ſeem to grate upon the Pride and Vanity of Mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digeſted by thoſe who value themſelves upon their Greatneſs or their Wealth; yet it is really no more than what moſt Men practiſe upon other occaſions. For if our Neighbour who is our Inferior

rior comes to ſee us, we riſe to receive him, we place him above us, and reſpect him as if he were better than ourſelves; and this is thought both decent and neceſſary, and is uſually called good Manners. Now the Duty required by the Apoſtle, is, only that we ſhould enlarge our Minds, and that what we thus practiſe in the common Courſe of Life, we ſhould imitate in all our Actions and Proceedings whatſoever; ſince our Saviour tells us, that every Man is our Neighbour, and ſince we are ſo ready in the Point of Civility, to yield to others in our own Houſes, where only we have any Title to govern.

Having thus ſhewn you what ſort of Subjection it is which all Men owe one another, and in what Manner it ought to be paid, I ſhall now draw ſome Obſervations from what hath been ſaid.

And *Firſt*; A thorough Practice of this Duty of ſubjecting ourſelves to the Wants and Infirmities of each other, would utterly extinguiſh in us the Vice of Pride. For, if God has pleaſed to entruſt me with a Talent, not

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for my own Sake, but for the Service of others, and at the ſame time hath left me full of Wants and Neceſſities which others muſt ſupply; I can then have no Cauſe to ſet any extraordinary Value upon my ſelf, or to deſpiſe my Brother, becauſe he hath not the ſame Talents which were lent to me. His Being may probably be as uſeful to the Publick as mine, and therefore, by the Rules of right Reaſon, I am in no ſort preferable to him.

Secondly; 'Tis very manifeſt from what has been ſaid, that no Man ought to look upon the Advantages of Life, ſuch as Riches, Honour, Power, and the like, as his Property, but meerly as a Truſt, which God hath depoſited with him, to be employed for the Uſe of his Brethren; and God will certainly puniſh the Breach of that Truſt, though the Laws of Man will not, or rather indeed cannot; becauſe the Truſt was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any Power on Earth to decide infallibly, whether a Man makes a good Uſe of his Talents or no, or to puniſh him where he fails. And therefore God ſeems to have more particularly taken this Matter into his

his own Hands, and will moſt certainly reward or puniſh us in proportion to our good or ill Performance in it. Now, although the Advantages which one Man poſſeſſeth more than another, may in ſome Senſe be called his Property with reſpect to other Men, yet with reſpect to God they are, as I ſaid, only a Truſt. Which will plainly appear from hence. If a Man does not uſe thoſe Advantages to the Good of the Publick, or the Benefit of his Neighbour, it is certain he doth not deſerve them, and conſequently that God never intended them for a Bleſſing to him; and on the other Side, whoever does employ his Talents as he ought, will find by his own Experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the Service of others: for to the Service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly; If we could all be brought to practiſe this Duty of ſubjecting ourſelves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general Happineſs of Mankind: For this would root out Envy and Malice from the Heart of Man; becauſe you cannot envy your Neighbour's Strength, if he makes uſe of it to defend

fend your Life, or carry your Burden; you cannot envy his Wiſdom, if he gives you good Counſel; nor his Riches, if he ſupplies you in your Wants; nor his Greatneſs, if he employs it to your Protection. The Miſeries of Life are not properly owing to the unequal Diſtribution of Things; but God Almighty, the great King of Heaven, is treated like the Kings of the Earth, who although perhaps intending well themſelves, have often moſt abominable Miniſters and Stewards, and thoſe generally the vileſt, to whom they entruſt the moſt Talents. But here is the Difference, that the Princes of this World ſee by other Men's Eyes, but God ſees all Things; and therefore whenever he permits his Bleſſings to be dealt among thoſe who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them as a Puniſhment to an evil World, as well as to the Owners. It were well if thoſe would conſider this, whoſe Riches ſerve them only as a Spur to Avarice, or as an Inſtrument to their Luſts; whoſe Wiſdom is only of this World, to put falſe Colours upon Things, to call Good Evil, and Evil Good, againſt the Conviction of their own Conſciences; and laſtly, who employ their Power and Favour in Acts of Op-

preſſion or Injuſtice, in miſrepreſenting Perſons and Things, or in countenancing the Wicked to the Ruin of the Innocent.

Fourthly; The Practice of this Duty of being ſubject to one another, would make us reſt contented in the ſeveral Stations of Life wherein God hath thought fit to place us; becauſe it would in the beſt and eaſieſt manner bring us back as it were to that early State of the Goſpel when Chriſtians had all things in common. For if the Poor found the Rich diſpoſed to ſupply their Wants; if the Ignorant found the Wiſe ready to inſtruct and direct them; or if the Weak might always find Protection from the Mighty; they could none of them with the leaſt Pretence of Juſtice lament their own Condition.

From all that hath been hitherto ſaid, it appears, that great Abilities of any ſort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the Owners of them greater and more painful Servants to their Neighbour, and the Publick: However, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really Bleſſings, when they are in the Hands of Good Men.

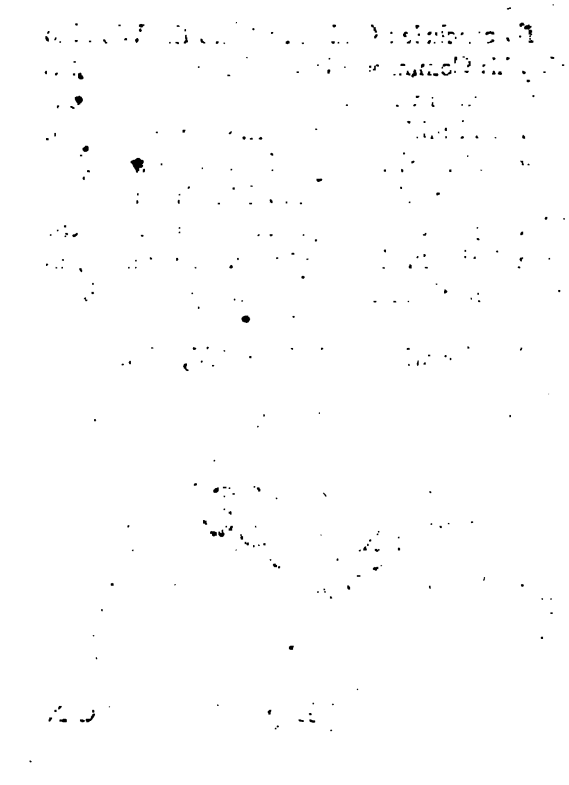
Men. For firſt, what can be a greater Honour than to be choſen one of the Stewards and Diſpenſers of God's Bounty to Mankind? What is there, that can give a generous Spirit more Pleaſure and Complacency of Mind, than to conſider, that he is an Inſtrument of doing much Good? that great Numbers owe to him, under God, their Subſiſtence, their Safety, their Health, and the good Conduct of their Lives? The wickedeſt Man upon Earth takes a Pleaſure in doing good to thoſe he loves; and therefore ſurely a good Chriſtian, who obeys our Saviour's Command of loving all Men, cannot but take Delight in doing good even to his Enemies. God, who gives all things to all Men, can receive nothing from any; and thoſe among Men, who do the moſt Good, and receive the feweſt Returns, do moſt reſemble their Creator: For which reaſon Saint *Paul* delivers it as a Saying of our Saviour, that *it is more bleſſed to give than to receive.* By this Rule, what muſt become of thoſe Things which the World values as the greateſt Bleſſings, Riches, Power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the beſt way to make them Bleſſings, is to part with

them? Therefore, although the Advantages which one Man hath over another, may be called Bleſſings, yet they are by no means ſo in the Senſe the World uſually underſtands. Thus, for Example, great Riches are no Bleſſing in themſelves; becauſe the poor Man with the common Neceſſaries of Life enjoys more Health, and has fewer Cares without them: How then do they become Bleſſings? No otherwiſe, than by employing them in feeding the Hungry, cloathing the Naked, rewarding worthy Men, and in ſhort, doing Acts of Charity and Generoſity. Thus likewiſe, Power is no Bleſſing in itſelf, becauſe private Men bear leſs Envy, and Trouble, and Anguiſh without it. But when it is employed to protect the Innocent, to relieve the Oppreſſed, and to puniſh the Oppreſſor, then it becomes a great Bleſſing. And ſo laſtly even great Wiſdom is in the Opinion of *Solomon* not a Bleſſing in itſelf: For *in much Wiſdom is much Sorrow*; and Men of common Underſtandings, if they ſerve God and mind their Callings, make fewer Miſtakes in the Conduct of Life than thoſe who have better Heads. And yet Wiſdom is a mighty Bleſſing when it is applied to good Purpoſes,

poſes, to inſtruct the Ignorant, to be a faithful Counſellor either in publick or private, to be a Director to Youth, and to many other Ends needleſs here to mention.

To conclude: God ſent us into the World to obey his Commands, by doing as much Good as our Abilities will reach, and as little Evil as our many Infirmities will permit. Some he hath only truſted with one Talent, ſome with five, and ſome with ten. No Man is without his Talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed, as well as he that hath been ſo in a great deal.

Conſider what hath been ſaid, *&c.*



ON THE

Teſtimony of CONSCIENCE.

2 COR. I. 12. Part of it.

——— *For our Rejoycing is this, the Teſtimony of our Conſcience.*

THERE is no Word more frequently in the Mouths of Men, than that of *Conſcience*, and the Meaning of it is in ſome meaſure generally underſtood: However, becauſe it is likewiſe a Word extreamly abuſed by many People, who apply other

Meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I ſhall explain it to you in the cleareſt manner I am able. The Word *Conſcience* properly ſignifies that Knowledge which a Man hath within himſelf of his own Thoughts and Actions. And becauſe if a Man judgeth fairly of his own Actions by comparing them with the Law of God, his Mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done Good or Evil; therefore this Knowledge or Conſcience may properly be called both an Accuſer and a Judge. So that whenever our Conſcience accuſeth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent when it doth not accuſe us: For very often, through the Hardneſs of our Hearts, or the Fondneſs and Favour we bear to our ſelves, or through Ignorance, or Neglect, we do not ſuffer our Conſcience to take any Cogniſance of ſeveral Sins we commit. There is another Office likewiſe belonging to Conſcience, which is that of being our Director and Guide; and the wrong Uſe of this hath been the Occaſion of more Evils under the Sun, than almoſt all other Cauſes put together. For, as Conſcience is nothing elſe but the Knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing; ſo it can guide

guide us no farther than that Knowledge reacheth. And therefore God hath placed Conſcience in us to be our Director only in thoſe Actions which Scripture and Reaſon plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in Caſes too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there Conſcience is not concerned; becauſe it cannot adviſe in what it doth not underſtand, nor decide where it is itſelf in doubt: But by God's great Mercy, thoſe difficult Points are never of abſolute Neceſſity to our Salvation. There is likewiſe another Evil, that Men often ſay, a Thing is againſt their Conſcience, when really it is not. For Inſtance: Aſk any of thoſe who differ from the Worſhip eſtabliſhed, why they do not come to Church, they will ſay, they diſlike the Ceremonies, the Prayers, the Habits, and the like, and therefore it goes againſt their Conſcience: But they are miſtaken, their Teacher hath put thoſe Words into their Mouth; for a Man's Conſcience can go no higher than his Knowledge; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined by Scripture, and the Practice of the ancient Church, whether thoſe Points are blameable or no, his Conſcience cannot poſſibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewiſe

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ariſen thoſe Miſtakes about what is uſually called *Liberty of Conſcience*; which, properly ſpeaking, is no more than a Liberty of knowing our own Thoughts; which Liberty no one can take from us. But thoſe Words have obtained quite different Meanings: Liberty of Conſcience is now-a-days not only underſtood to be the Liberty of believing what Men pleaſe, but alſo of endeavouring to propagate that Belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the Faith which the Laws have already eſtabliſhed, and to be rewarded by the Publick for thoſe wicked Endeavours: And this is the Liberty of Conſcience which the Fanaticks are now openly in the Face of the world endeavouring at with their utmoſt Application. At the ſame time it cannot but be obſerved, that thoſe very Perſons, who under Pretence of a publick Spirit and Tenderneſs towards their Chriſtian Brethren, are ſo jealous for ſuch a Liberty of Conſcience as this, are of all others the leaſt tender to thoſe who differ from them in the ſmalleſt Point relating to Government; and I wiſh I could not ſay, that the Majeſty of the living God may be offended with more Security than the Memory of a dead Prince. But the Wiſdom of the World at preſent ſeems to agree with

that

that of the Heathen Emperor, who ſaid, If the Gods were offended, it was their own Concern, and they were able to vindicate themſelves.

But although Conſcience hath been abuſed to thoſe wicked Purpoſes which I have already related, yet a due Regard to the Directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its Accuſations, Reproaches and Advices, would be of the greateſt Uſe to Mankind, both for their preſent Welfare and future Happineſs.

Therefore my Diſcourſe at this time ſhall be directed to prove to you, that there is no ſolid, firm Foundation for Virtue, but on a Conſcience which is guided by Religion.

In order to this, I ſhall firſt ſhew you the Weakneſs and Uncertainty of two falſe Principles which many People ſet up in the Place of Conſcience, for a Guide to their Actions.

The firſt of theſe Principles is, what the World uſually calls *Moral Honeſty*. There are ſome People, who appear very indifferent as to Religion, and yet have the Repute of being juſt and fair in their Dealings; and theſe are generally known by the Character of good Moral Men. But now if you look into the Grounds and the Motives of ſuch a Man's Actions, you ſhall find them to be no other than his own

Eaſe

Eaſe and Intereſt. For Example: You truſt a moral Man with your Money in the Way of Trade, you truſt another with the Defence of your Cauſe at Law, and perhaps they both deal juſtly with you. Why? Not from any Regard they have for Juſtice, but becauſe their Fortune depends upon their Credit, and a Stain of open publick Diſhoneſty muſt be to their Diſadvantage. But let it conſiſt with ſuch a Man's Intereſt and Safety to wrong you, and then it will be impoſſible you can have any Hold upon him; becauſe there is nothing left to give him a Check, or to put in the Balance againſt his Profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himſelf by but the Opinion of the World, as long as he can conceal his Injuſtice from the World, he thinks he is ſafe.

Beſides, it is found by Experience, that thoſe Men who ſet up for Morality without regard to Religion, are generally but virtuous in part; they will be juſt in their Dealings between Man and Man, but if they find themſelves diſpoſed to Pride, Luſt, Intemperance, or Avarice, they do not think their Morality concerned to check them in any of theſe Vices, becauſe it is the great Rule of ſuch Men, that they may lawfully follow the Dictates of Nature, wherever

their

their Safety, Health, and Fortune are not injured. So that upon the whole, there is hardly one Vice which a meer moral Man may not upon ſome Occaſions allow himſelf to practiſe.

The other falſe Principle, which ſome Men ſet up in the place of Conſcience to be their Director in Life, is what thoſe who pretend to it, call *Honour*.

This Word is often made the Sanction of an Oath; it is reckoned a great Commendation to be a Man of ſtrict Honour; and it is commonly underſtood, that a Man of Honour can never be guilty of a baſe Action. This is uſually the Stile of Military Men, of Perſons with Titles, and of others who pretend to Birth and Quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in ancient Times it was univerſally underſtood, that Honour was the Reward of Virtue; but if ſuch Honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a Man to do a baſe Action, it muſt be allowed, there are very few ſuch Things as baſe Actions in Nature. No Man of Honour, as that Word is uſually underſtood, did ever pretend that his Honour obliged him to be chaſte or temperate, to pay his Creditors, to be uſeful to his Country, to do good to Mankind, to endeavour to be wiſe or learned, to regard his Word, his Promiſe, or

his

his Oath; or if he hath any of theſe Virtues, they were never learned in the Catechiſm of Honour, which contains but two Precepts, the punctual Payment of Debts contracted at Play, and the right underſtanding the ſeveral Degrees of an Affront, in order to revenge it by the Death of an Adverſary.

But ſuppoſe this Principle of Honour, which ſome Men ſo much boaſt of, did really produce more Virtues than it ever pretended to; yet ſince the very Being of that Honour dependeth upon the Breath, the Opinion, or the Fancy of the People, the Virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain Duration. For Example: Suppoſe a Man from a Principle of Honour ſhould reſolve to be juſt, or chaſte, or temperate, and yet the cenſuring World ſhould take a Humour of refuſing him thoſe Characters, he would then think the Obligation at an End. Or on the other Side, if he thought he could gain Honour by the falſeſt and vileſt Action (which is a Caſe that very often happens,) he would then make no Scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy State, to have the Religion, the Liberty, or the Property of a People lodged in ſuch Hands, which however hath been too often the Caſe.

What

What I have ſaid upon this Principle of Honour may perhaps be thought of ſmall Concernment to moſt of you who are my Hearers: However, a Caution was not altogether unneceſſary; ſince there is nothing by which not only the Vulgar, but the honeſt Tradeſman hath been ſo much deceived, as this infamous Pretence to Honour in too many of their Betters.

Having thus ſhewn you the Weakneſs and Uncertainty of thoſe Principles which ſome Men ſet up in the Place of Conſcience to direct them in their Actions, I ſhall now endeavour to prove to you that there is no ſolid, firm Foundation of Virtue, but in a Conſcience directed by the Principles of Religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the Actions of Men, otherwiſe than by knowing the Motives, and Grounds, and Cauſes of them; and if the Motives of our Actions be not reſolved and determin'd into the Law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual Changes. I will ſhew you what I mean, by an Example: Suppoſe a Man thinks it his Duty to obey his Parents,

Parents, becauſe Reaſon tells him ſo, becauſe he is obliged by Gratitude, and becauſe the Laws of his Country command him to do ſo: If he ſtops here, his Parents can have no laſting Security; for an Occaſion may happen, wherein it may be extreamly his Intereſt to be diſobedient, and where the Laws of the Land can lay no Hold upon him: Therefore before ſuch a Man can ſafely be truſted, he muſt proceed farther, and conſider, that his Reaſon is the Gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the Laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his Parents; after which, if he lays a due Weight upon thoſe Conſiderations, he will probably continue in his Duty to the End of his Life: Becauſe no earthly Intereſt can ever come in Competition to balance the Danger of offending his Creator, or the Happineſs of pleaſing him. And of all this his Conſcience will certainly inform him, if he hath any Regard to Religion.

Secondly; Fear and Hope are the two greateſt natural Motives of all Men's Actions: But neither of theſe Paſſions will ever put us in the way of Virtue, unleſs they be directed by Conſcience. For altho' virtuous Men do ſometimes

times accidentally make their way to Preferment, yet the World is ſo corrupted, that no Man can reaſonably hope to be rewarded in it, meerly upon account of his Virtue. And conſequently the Fear of Puniſhment in this Life will preſerve Men from very few Vices, ſince ſome of the blackeſt and baſeſt do often prove the ſureſt Steps to Favour; ſuch as Ingratitude, Hypocriſy, Treachery, Malice, Subornation, Atheiſm, and many more which human Laws do little concern themſelves about. But when Conſcience placeth before us the Hopes of everlaſting Happineſs, and the Fears of everlaſting Miſery, as the Reward and Puniſhment of our good or evil Actions, our Reaſon can find no way to avoid the Force of ſuch an Argument, otherwiſe than by running into Infidelity.

Laſtly; Conſcience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole Truſt and Confidence in Him. Our Love of God will inſpire us with a Deteſtation for Sin, as what is of all Things moſt contrary to his Divine Nature; and if we have an entire Confidence in him, *that* will enable us to ſubdue and deſpiſe all the Allurements of the World.

It may here be objected, If Conſcience be ſo ſure a Director to us Chriſtians in the Con-

duct of our Lives, how comes it to paſs that the ancient Heathens, who had no other Lights but thoſe of Nature and Reaſon, ſhould ſo far exceed us in all manner of Virtue, as plainly appears by many Examples they have left on record?

To which it may be anſwered; Firſt, thoſe Heathens were extremely ſtrict and exact in the Education of their Children; whereas among us this Care is ſo much laid aſide, that the more God has bleſſed any Man with Eſtate or Quality, juſt ſo much leſs in Proportion is the Care he takes in the Education of his Children, and particularly of that Child which is to inherit his Fortune; of which the Effects are viſible enough among the Great Ones of the World. Again, thoſe Heathens did in a particular manner inſtill the Principle into their Children of loving their Country, which is ſo far otherwiſe now-a-days, that, of the ſeveral Parties among us there is none of them that ſeem to have ſo much as heard whether there be ſuch a Virtue in the World, as plainly appears by their Practices, and eſpecially when they are placed in thoſe Stations where they can only have Opportunity of ſhewing it. Laſtly; The moſt conſiderable among the Heathens did generally

generally believe Rewards and Puniſhments in a Life to come; which is the great Principle for Conſcience to work upon: Whereas too many of thoſe who would be thought the moſt conſiderable among us, do, both by their Practices and their Diſcourſes, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the Matter.

Wherefore ſince it hath manifeſtly appeared that a Religious Conſcience is the only true ſolid Foundation upon which Virtue can be built, give me leave before I conclude, to let you ſee how neceſſary ſuch a Conſcience is, to conduct us in every Station and Condition of our Lives.

That a Religious Conſcience is neceſſary in any Station, is confeſſed even by thoſe who tell us that all Religion was invented by cunning Men in order to keep the World in Awe. For if Religion, by the Confeſſion of its Adverſaries, be neceſſary towards the well-governing of Mankind; then every Wiſe Man in Power will be ſure not only to chuſe out for every Station under him ſuch Perſons as are moſt likely to be kept in Awe by Religion, but likewiſe to carry ſome Appearance of it himſelf, or elſe he is a very weak Poli-

tician. And accordingly in any Country where great Perſons affect to be open Deſpiſers of Religion, their Counſels will be found at laſt to be fully as deſtructive to the State as to the Church.

It was the Advice of *Jethro* to his Son-in-Law *Moſes*, to *provide able Men, ſuch as fear God, Men of Truth, hating Covetouſneſs*, and to place ſuch over the People; and *Moſes*, who was as wiſe a Stateſman at leaſt as any in this Age, thought fit to follow that Advice. Great Abilities, without the Fear of God, are moſt dangerous Inſtruments when they are truſted with Power. The Laws of Man have thought fit, that thoſe who are called to any Office of Truſt ſhould be bound by an Oath to the faithful Diſcharge of it: But an Oath is an Appeal to God, and therefore can have no Influence except upon thoſe who believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of thoſe that ſeek him, and a Puniſher of thoſe who diſobey him: And therefore, we ſee, the Laws themſelves are forced to have recourſe to Conſcience in theſe Caſes, becauſe their Penalties cannot reach the Arts of cunning Men, who can find Ways to be guilty of a thouſand Injuſtices without being diſcovered, or at leaſt without being puniſhed. And the Reaſon why we

we find ſo many Frauds, Abuſes, and Corruptions where any Truſt is conferred, can be no other, than that there is ſo little Conſcience and Religion left in the World, or at leaſt that Men in their Choice of Inſtruments have private Ends in view, which are very different from the Service of the Publick. Beſides, it is certain, that Men who profeſs to have no Religion, are full as zealous to bring over Proſelytes as any Papiſt or Fanatick can be. And therefore, if thoſe who are in Station high enough to be of Influence or Example to others; if thoſe (I ſay) openly profeſs a Contempt or Diſbelief of Religion, they will be ſure to make all their Dependents of their own Principles; and what Security can the Publick expect from ſuch Perſons, whenever their Intereſts or their Luſts come into Competition with their Duty? It is very poſſible for a Man who hath the Appearance of Religion, and is a great Pretender to Conſcience, to be wicked and an Hypocrite; but it is impoſſible for a Man who openly declares againſt Religion, to give any reaſonable Security that he will not be falſe and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a Temptation offers, which he values more than he does the Power

wherewith he was truſted. And if ſuch a Man doth not betray his Cauſe and his Maſter, it is only becauſe the Temptation was not properly offered, or the Profit was too ſmall, or the Danger too great. And hence it is that we find ſo little Truth or Juſtice among us, becauſe there are ſo very few, who either in the Service of the Publick, or in common Dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own Advantage, and how to guard themſelves againſt the Laws of the Country; which a Man may do by Favour, by Secreſy, or by Cunning, though he breaks almoſt every Law of God.

Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unleſs Men are guided by the Advice and Judgment of Conſcience founded on Religion, they can give no Security that they will be either good Subjects, faithful Servants of the Publick, or honeſt in their mutual Dealings; ſince there is no other Tie thro' which the Pride, or Luſt, or Avarice, or Ambition of Mankind will not certainly break one Time or other.

Conſider what has been ſaid, *&c.*

LET-

LETTERS

ON

Several Occaſions.

LETTERS
ON
Several Occaſions.

LETTER I.

To Lord CARTERET.

My Lord!

I Am obliged to return your Excellency my moſt humble Thanks for your Favour to Mr. *Sheridan*, becauſe when I recommended him to you, I receiv'd a very gracious Anſwer; and yet I am ſenſible that your chief Motive to make ſome Proviſion for him, was what became a great and good Perſon, your diſtinguiſhing him as a man of Learning, and one who de-

ſerved Encouragement, on account of his great Diligence and Succeſs in a moſt laborious and difficult Employment.

Since your Excellency hath had an Opportunity, ſo early in your Government, of gratifying your *Engliſh* Dependents by a Biſhoprick, and the beſt Deanery in the Kingdom, I cannot but hope, that the Clergy of *Ireland* will have their Share in your Patronage. There is hardly a Gentleman in the Nation who hath not a near Alliance with ſome of that Body; and moſt of them who have Sons, uſually breed one to the Church; although they have been of late Years much diſcouraged and diſcontented, by ſeeing Strangers to the Country almoſt perpetually taken into the greateſt Eccleſiaſtical Preferments, and too often, under Governors very different from your Excellency, the Choice of Perſons was not to be accounted for, either to Prudence or Juſtice.

The Misfortune of having Biſhops perpetually from *England*, as it muſt needs quench the Spirit of Emulation among us to excel in Learning, and the Study of Divinity, ſo it produceth another great Diſcouragement, that thoſe Prelates uſually draw after them Colonies of Sons, Nephews,

phews, Couſins, or old College-Companions, to whom they beſtow the beſt Preferments in their Gift; and thus the young Men ſent into the Church from the Univerſity here, have no better Proſpect than to be Curates, or ſmall Country-Vicars, for Life.

It will become ſo excellent a Governor as you, a little to moderate this great Partiality; wherein, as you will act with Juſtice and Reaſon, ſo you will gain the Thanks and Prayers of the whole Nation, and take away one great Cauſe of univerſal Diſcontent. For I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another Kingdom in *Europe*, where the Natives (even thoſe deſcended from the Conquerors) have been treated as if they were almoſt unqualify'd for any Employment either in Church or State.

Your Excellency, when I had the Honour to attend you, was pleaſed to let me name ſome Clergymen, who are generally underſtood by their Brethren to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed for their Learning and Piety. I remember the Perſons were, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Ward* of the *North*, Mr. *Ecklyn*, Mr. *Synge* of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Corbet*; they were nam'd by me without any regard to Friendſhip, having little Com-

merce with moſt of them, but only to the univerſal Character they bear: This was the Method I always took with my Lord *Oxford*, at his own Command, who was pleas'd to believe I would not be ſway'd by any private Affections, and confeſſed I never deceiv'd him, for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in Behalf of a Friend, which was but ſeldom, becauſe, in that Caſe, I made uſe of the common Method at Court, to ſollicit by another.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the young Men among the Clergy, of whom the three hopefulleſt are ſaid to be Mr. *Stopford*, Mr. *King*, and Mr. *Dobbs*, all Fellows of the College, of whom I am only acquainted with the firſt. But theſe are not likely to be great Expectors under your Excellency's Adminiſtration, according to the uſual Period of Governors here.

If I have dealt honeſtly in repreſenting ſuch Perſons, among the Clergy, as are generally allowed to have moſt Merit; I think I have done you a Service, and I am ſure I have made you a great Compliment, by diſtinguiſhing you from moſt great Men I have known theſe thirty Years paſt, whom I have always obſerved to act as if they never received a true Character, nor

nor had any Value for the Beſt, and conſequently diſpens'd their Favours without the leaſt Regard to Abilities or Virtue. And this Defect I have often found among thoſe from whom I leaſt expected it.

That your Excellency may long live a Bleſſing and Ornament to your Country, by purſuing, as you have hitherto done, the Steps of Honour and Virtue, is the moſt earneſt Wiſh and Prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's moſt obedient

and moſt humble Servant

July 3, 1725. JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. MOORE.

DEAR MADAM!

THOUGH I ſee you ſeldomer than is agreable to my Inclinations, yet you have no Friend in the World that is more concerned

cerned for any thing that can affect your Mind, your Health, or your Fortune; I have always had the higheſt Eſteem for your Virtue, the greateſt Value for your Converſation, and the trueſt Affection for your Perſon; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the Loſs of ſo amiable, and (what is more) ſo favourite a Child. Theſe are the neceſſary Conſequences of too ſtrong Attachments, by which we are grieving ourſelves with the Death of thoſe we love, as we muſt one Day grieve thoſe who love us, with the Death of ourſelves. For Life is a Tragedy, wherein we ſit as Spectators awhile, and then act our own Part in it. Self-love, as it is the Motive to all our Actions, ſo it is the ſole Cauſe of our Grief. The dear Perſon you lament, is by no Means an Object of Pity, either in a moral or religious Senſe. Philoſophy always taught Men to deſpiſe Life, as a moſt contemptible Thing in itſelf, and Religion regards it only as a Preparation for a better; which you are taught, to be certain that ſo innocent a Perſon is now in Poſſeſſion of; ſo that ſhe is an immenſe Gainer, and You and her Friends the only Loſers. Now, under Misfortunes of this Kind, I know no Conſolation more effectual

to

to a reaſonable Perſon, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is loſt. She was neither an only Child, nor an only Daughter. You have three Children left, one of them of an Age to be Uſeful to his Family, and the two others as promiſing as can be expected from their Age; ſo that according to the general Diſpenſations of God Almighty, you have ſmall Reaſon to repine upon that Article of Life. And Religion will tell you, that the true Ways to preſerve them, is not to fix any of them too deep in your Heart; which is a Weakneſs that God ſeldom leaves long unpuniſhed: Common Obſervation ſhewing us, that ſuch favourite Children are either ſpoiled by their Parent's Indulgence, or ſoon taken out of the World; which laſt is, generally ſpeaking, the lighter Puniſhment of the two.

God, in his Wiſdom, hath been pleaſed to load our declining Years with many Sufferings, with Diſeaſes, and Decays of Nature, with the Death of many Friends, and the Ingratitude of more: Sometimes with the Loſs or Diminution of our Fortunes, when our Infirmities moſt need them; often with Contempt from the World, and always with Neglect from

from it; with the Death of our moſt hopeful or uſeful Children; with a want of Reliſh for all worldly Enjoyments; with a general Diſlike of Perſons and Things: And tho' all theſe are very natural Effects of encreaſing Years, yet they were intended by the Author of our Being, to wean us gradually from our Fondneſs of Life, the nearer we approach towards the End of it. And this is the Uſe you are to make, in Prudence as well as in Conſcience, of all the Afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of thoſe which in the Courſe of Nature and Providence you have Reaſon to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with ſo many Virtues, add Strength of Mind and Reliance upon his Mercy in Proportion to your preſent Sufferings, as well as thoſe he may think fit to try you with through the Remainder of your Life.

I fear my preſent ill Diſpoſition both of Health and Mind has made me but a ſorry Comforter: However, it will ſhew that no Circumſtance of Life can put you out of my Mind, and that I am with the trueſt Reſpect, Eſteem, and Friendſhip,

Dear Madam, Your moſt obedient,

Deanry-Houſe, Dec. 7th, 1727.

Moſt humble Servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER III.

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your News of the Dean of St. *Patricks*, for your Perſuaſ for every thing in your Letter. I will uſe my warmeſt Endeavours to ſerve Dr. *Whalley*. Beſides his own Merit, the Demerit of his Antagoniſt goes into the Scale, and the Dean tells me he is a Coadjutant of that Fool, *Smedley*. You *muſt have ſeen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately publiſh'd againſt our Friend and Me. The only Pleaſure a bad Writer can give me, he has given, that of being abuſed with my Betters and my Friends. I am much pleas'd with moſt of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the Author of 'em for not once doing me the Honour of a Mention upon ſo honourable an Occaſion as being ſlandered by

the Dunces, together with my Friend the Dean, who is properly the Author of the Dunciad: It had never been writ but at his Requeſt, and for his Deafneſs: For had he been able to converſe with me, do you think I had amus'd my Time ſo ill? I will not trouble you with Amendments to ſo imperfect an Edition as is now publiſh'd; you'll ſoon ſee a better, with a full and true Commentary, ſetting all Miſtakes right, and branding none but our own Cattle. Some very good Epigrams on the Gentlemen of the Dunciad have been ſent me from *Oxford*, and others of the *London* Authors; if I had an Amanuenſis (which is a thing neither I, nor my common Trifles are worth) you ſhould have them with this. If your Univerſity or Town have produced any on this Subject, pray ſend 'em me, or keep them at leaſt together, for another Day they may all meet.

I've writ to the Dean juſt now by Mr. *Elrington*, who charges himſelf with this, and have inſerted a Hint or two of his Libelling the Lady of the Family; in as innocent a manner, as he does it, he will hardly ſuſpect I had any Information of it.

Tho' I am a very ill Correſpondent, I ſhall at all times be glad to have the Favour of a Line from you. My Eyeſight is bad, my Head often in Pain, my Time ſtrangely taken up. Were I my own Maſter (which I thank God I yet am, in all points but one, where Humanity only conſtrains me) I wou'd infallibly ſee *Ireland* before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, tho' warm Deſigns will ever take Effect,

Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's Friends, and conſequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate Servant

A. POPE.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. POPE to DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your Letter. What you mention of a particular Friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another World, gives me great Pain; for it makes me, in Tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame time I fear he is not in a Condition to make the Journey. Tho' (to eaſe you as far as I can) his Phyſician and Friend Dr. *Arbuthnot*, aſſures me he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very Deaf, and more uneaſy than I hop'd that Complaint alone wou'd have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy Way, which has put you into a greater Fright, than (with God's Will) we may have any reaſon for. He talks of returning to *Ireland* in three Weeks, if he recovers

recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this Winter. Upon Pretence of ſome very unavoidable Occaſions, he went to *London* four Days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extreamly concerned at his Opiniatrety in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the Friend, tho' he may of his Houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the Remedy you mention: And I will not leave him a Day, till I ſee him better. I wiſh you could ſee us in *England* without manifeſt Inconvenience to yourſelf; tho' I heartily hope and believe, that our Friend will do well. I ſincerely honour you for your Warmth of Affection where it is ſo juſtly merited; and am, both for his Sake and your own, with great Eſteem,

SIR,

Your truly-affectionate

and obedient Servant,

Twitenham, Sept. 6.

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often deſired the Dean to make known to you my Senſe of the

good Opinion you have expreſt of me in your Letters. I am pleas'd to have an Opportunity of thanking you under my Hand, and I deſire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14. 1719. 9 at Night.

SIR,

IT is impoſſible to know by your Letter whether the Wine is to be bottled to morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain *Engliſh* tell us ſo?

For my part it was by meer Chance I came to ſit with the Ladies this Night.

And if they had not told me there was a Letter from you, and your Man *Alexander* had not gone, and come back from the Deanry, and the Boy here had not been ſent to let *Alexander* know I was here, I ſhould have miſt the Letter outright.

Truly

Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for Corks to ſtop your Bottles, with a Vengeance.

Make a Page of your own Age, and ſend your Man *Alexander* to buy Corks, for *Saunders* already has got above ten Jaunts.

Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnſon* ſay, truly they don't care for your Wife's Company, tho' they like your Wine; but they had rather have it at their own Houſe to drink in quiet.

However they own it is very civil in Mr. *Sheridan*, to make the Offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wiſh *Alexander* ſafe at St. *Catharine*'s to Night, with all my Heart and Soul, upon my Word and Honour.

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor Fellow out ſo late at this time of Year, when one would not turn out a Dog that one valued; I appeal to your Friend Mr. *Conna*.

I would preſent my humble Service to my Lady *Mountcaſhell*; but truly I thought ſhe would have made Advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my Paper is ended.

P. S. *I wiſh when you prated,*
Your Letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created,
I ſcolded and rated;
My Soul it much grated,
For your Man, I long waited,
I think you are fated,
Like a Bear to be baited:
Your Man is belated,
The Caſe, I have ſtated,
And me you have cheated.
My Stable's unſlated,
Come back t'us well fraighted;
I remember my late-head
And wiſh you Tranſlated,
For teazing me.

2 P. S. *Mrs.* Dingley,
Deſires me ſingly
Her Service to preſent you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon *Madam*
Is grown a Sad Dame,
For want of your Converſe,
And cannot ſend one Verſe.

3 P. S.

3 P. S. *You keep ſuch a twattling* [VIDA,
With you and your bottling, [Rule 34
But I ſee the Sum Total,
We ſhall ne'er have one Bottle;
The long and the ſhort,
We ſhall not have a Quart.
I wiſh you would ſign't,
That we may have a Pint.
For all your colloguing,
I'd be glad of a Knogging:
But I doubt 'tis a Sham,
You won't give us a Dram.
'Tis of Shine, a Mouth Moon-full,
You won't part with a Spoon-full,
And I muſt be nimble,
If I can fill my Thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop,
Till I come to a Drop;
But I doubt the Oraculum,
Is a poor Supernaculum;
Tho' perhaps you may tell it
For a Grace, if we ſmell it. STELLA.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

Dub. Dec. 22. 1722.

WHAT care we whether you Swim or Sink? Is this a Time to talk of Boats, or a Time to ſail in them, when I am Shuddering? or a Time to build Boat-Houſes, or pay for Carriage? No; but towards Summer, I promiſe hereby under my Hand to ſubſcribe a (Guinea†) Shilling for one; or, if you pleaſe me, what is blotted out, or ſomething thereabouts, and the Ladies ſhall ſubſcribe three Thirteens betwixt 'em, and Mrs. *Brent* a Penny, and *Robert* and *Archy* Half-pence a Piece, and the Old Man and Woman a Farthing each: In ſhort, I will be your Collector, and we will ſend it down full of Wine, a Fortnight before we go at *Whitſuntide*. You will make eight thouſand Blunders in your Planting; and who can help it? for I could not be with you. My Horſes eat Hay, and I hold my Viſitation on *January* 7. juſt

† *The word* Guinea *is ſtruck thro' with a Pen in the Copy.*

juſt in the midſt of *Chriſtmas.* Mrs. *Brent* is angry, and ſwears as much as a Fanatick can do, that ſhe will ſubſcribe Six-pence to your Boat. —— Well, I ſhall be a Country-man when you are not; we are now at Mr. *Fad*'s, with *Dan* and *Sam*; and I ſteal out while they are at Cards, like a Lover writing to his Miſtreſs.-----We have no News in our Town. The Ladies have left us to-day, and I promis'd them that you would carry your Club to *Arſellagh*, when you are weary of one another. You expreſs your Happineſs with Grief in one Hand and Sorrow in the other. What Fowl have you but the Weep? what Hares, but Mrs. *Macfeden*'s gray Hairs? What Peaſe but your own? Your Mutton and your Weather are both very bad, and ſo is your Weather-Mutton. Wild-Fowl is what we like. ---How will this Letter get to you? ---A Fortnight good from this Morning. You will find *Quilca* not the Thing it was laſt *Auguſt*; nobody to reliſh the Lake; nobody to ride over the Downs; no Trout to be caught; no dining over a Well; no Night Heroics, no Morning Epics; no ſtollen Hour when the Wife is gone; no Creature to call you Names. Poor miſerable Maſter *Sheridan!* No blind Harpers!

no

no Journies to *Rantavan!* -----Anſwer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo.* We have new Plays and new Libels, and nothing valuable is old but *Stella*, whoſe Bones ſhe recommends to you. *Dan* deſires to know whether you ſaw the Advertiſement of your being robb'd——and ſo I conclude,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

Clonfert, Aug. 3. 1723.

NO, I cannot poſſibly be with you ſo ſoon, there are too many Rivers, Bogs, and Mountains between; beſides, when I leave this, I ſhall make one or two ſhort Viſits in my way to *Dublin*, and hope to be in Town by the End of this Month; tho' it will be a bad Time, in the Hurry of your lowſy P--------t. Your Dream is wrong, for this Biſhop is not able to lift a Cat upon my Shoulders; but if you are for a Curacy of Twenty-five Pounds a Year, and

ride five Miles every Sunday to preach to ſix Beggars, have at you: And yet this is no ill Country, and the Biſhop has made in four Months, twelve Miles of Ditches from his Houſe to the *Shannon*, if you talk of improving. How are you this Moment? Do you love or hate *Quilca* the moſt of all Places? Are you in or out of Humour with the World, your Friends, your Wife, and your School? Are the Ladies in Town or in the Country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in Health? *Quilca* (let me ſee) (you ſee I can (if I pleaſe) make Parentheſes as well as Others) is about a hundred Miles from *Clonfert*; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With Love and Service, and ſo adieu.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a Packet of Letters, which I intended to ſend by *Molly*, who hath been ſtopt three Days by the bad Weather; but now

I will ſend them by Poſt to-morrow, to *Kells*, and inclos'd to Mr. *Tickell* there is one to you, and one to *James Stopfert*.

I can do no Work in this terrible Weather; which hath put us all ſeventy times out of Patience.——I have been deaf nine Days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray deſire Mr. *Stanton* and *Warrel* to continue giving themſelves ſome Trouble with Mr. *Prat*; but let it ſucceed or not, I hope I ſhall be eaſy.

Mrs. *Johnſon* ſwears it will rain till *Michaelmas*. She is ſo pleaſed with her Pick-ax, that ſhe wears it faſtened to her Girdle on her left Side, in Balance with her Watch. The Lake is ſtrangely over-flown, and we are deſperate about Turf, being forced to buy it three Miles off: And Mrs. *Johnſon*, (God help her) gives you many a Curſe. Your Maſon is come, but cannot yet work about your Garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great Wall. For the reſt, *vide* the Letter that you will have on Monday, if Mr. *Tickell* uſes you well.

The News of this Country is, that the Maid you ſent down, *John Farelly*'s Siſter, is married;

ried; but the Portion and Settlement are yet a Secret. The Cows here never give Milk on *Midſummer-Eve.*

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for ſmall Beer and lean Mutton, and ſtarved Lamb, and ſtopping Gaps, and driving Cattle from the Corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dinglyed.

The Lady's Room ſmoaks; the Rain drops from the Skies into the Kitchen; our Servants eat and drink like the Devil, and pray for Rain, which entertains them at Cards and Sleep; which are much lighter than Spades, Sledges, and Crows. Their Maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a Dormouſe;
Be laſt at Work,
At Victuals foremoſt.

Which is all at preſent, hoping you and your good Family are well, as we, &c. are all at this preſent Writing, &c.

Robin has juſt carried out a Load of Bread and cold Meat for Breakfaſt; this is their way; but now a Cloud hangs over them, for fear it ſhould hold up, and the Clouds blow off.

I write on till *Molly* comes in for the Letter. O, what a Draggle-Tail will ſhe be before ſhe gets to *Dublin!* I wiſh ſhe may not happen to fall upon her Back by the Way.

I affirm againſt *Ariſtotle*, that Cold and Rain congregrate Homogenes, for they gather together you and your Crew, at Whiſt, Punch, and Claret. Happy Weather for Mrs. *Mary*, *Betty* and *Stopferty*, and all true Lovers of Cards and Lazineſs.

The Bleſſings of a Country Life.

Far from our Debtors,
No Dublin *Letters,*
Not ſeen by our Betters.

The Plagues of a Country Life.

A Companion with News,
A great want of Shoes;
Eat lean Meat, or chuſe,
A Church without Pews.
Our Horſes aſtray,
No Straw, Oats, or Hay;

Decent

December *in* May,
Our Boys run away,
All Servants at play,
Molly *ſends for the Letter.*

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

Quilca, June, 28. 1725.

YOU run out of your time ſo merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it; like a young Heir that ſpends his Fortune faſter than it comes in; for your Letter is dated to morrow, *June* 29. and God knows when it was writ, or what *Saturday* you mean; but I ſuppoſe it is the next, and therefore your own Mare and Dr. *S*—— Horſe or Mare, or ſome other Horſe or Mare, with your own Mare aforeſaid, ſhall ſet out on *Wedneſday* next, which will be *June* 30. and ſo they will have two Nights Reſt, if you begin your Journey on *Saturday.* You are an unlucky Devil to get a Living the furtheſt in the Kingdom from

Quilca, if it be worth two hundred Pound a Year. My Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept his Word, for the other Fifty muſt go in a Curate and Viſitation Charges, and Poxes, Proxies I mean. If you are under the Biſhop of *Cork*, he is a capricious Gentleman; but you muſt flatter him monſtrouſly upon his Learning and his Writings; that you have read his Book againſt *Toland* a hundred Times, and his Sermons (if he has Printed any) have been always your Model, &c. Be not diſappointed if your Living does not anſwer the Sum: Get Letters of Recommendation to the Biſhop and Principal Clergy, and to your Neighbouring Parſon or Parſons particularly. I often adviſed you to get ſome Knowledge of Tythes and Church-livings. You muſt learn the Extent of your Pariſh, the general Quantity of Arable Land and Paſture in your Pariſh, the common Rate of Tythes for an Acre of the ſeveral ſorts of Corn, and of Fleeces and Lambs, and to ſee whether you have any Glebe; pray act like a Man of this World. I doubt being ſo far off, you muſt not let your Living as I do, to the ſeveral Farmers, but to one Man: But by all means do not now let it for more than one Year, till

till you are ſurely apprized of the real Worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my Advice for once, and be very buſy while you are there. It is one good Circumſtance that you got ſuch a Living in a convenient Time, and juſt when Tythes are fit to be Let; only Wool and Lamb are due in Spring, or perhaps belong to the late Incumbent. You may learn all on the Spot, and your Neighbouring Parſons may be very uſeful if they pleaſe, but do not let them be your Tenants: Adviſe with Archdeacon *Wall*, but do not follow him in all Things. Take care of the principal 'Squire or 'Squires, they will all tell you the worſt of your Living; ſo will the Proctors and Tythe-Jobbers; but you will pick out Truth from among them. Pray ſhew yourſelf a Man of Abilities. After all I am but a weak Brother myſelf; perhaps ſome Clergy in *Dublin*, who know that Country, will further inform you. Mr. *Townſend* of *Cork* will do you any good Offices on my Account, without any Letter.---Take the Oaths heartily to the Powers that be, and remember that Party was not made for depending Puppies. I forgot one

principal Thing, to take care of going regularly thro' all the Forms of Oaths and Inductions, for the leaſt wrong Step will put you to the Trouble of repaſſing your Patent, or voiding your Living.——

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

Quilca, June, 29 1725.

I Writ to you yeſterday, and ſaid as many Things as I could then think on, and gave it a Boy of *Kells* who brought me yours. It is ſtrange that I and *Stella* and Mrs. *Macfadin*, ſhould light on the ſame Thought, to adviſe you to make a great Appearance of Temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. *Johnſon* and I go further, and ſay, you muſt needs obſerve all grave Forms, for the want of which both you and I have ſuffered. On ſuppoſal that you are under the Biſhop of *Cork*, I ſend you a Letter inclos'd to him, which I deſire you will ſeal. Mr. *Johnſon* put me in mind to caution you not to drink

or pledge any Health in his Company, for you know his weak ſide in that Matter. I hope Mr. *Tickel* has not complimented you with what Fees are due to him for your Patent; I wiſh you would ſay to him (if he refuſes them) that I told you it was Mr. *Addiſon*'s Maxim to excuſe nobody; for here, ſays he, I may have forty Friends, whoſe Fees may be Two Guineas a Piece; then I loſe Eighty Guineas, and my Friends ſave but Two a Piece.

I muſt tell you, *Dan Jackſon* ruined his Living by hudling over the firſt Year, and then hoping to mend it the next: Therefore pray take all the Care you can to enquire into the Value, and ſet it at the beſt Rate to ſubſtantial People.

I know not whether you are under the Biſhop of *Cork*, or no; if not, you may burn the Letter.

I muſt deſire that you will not think of enlarging your Expences, no not for ſome Years to come, much leſs at preſent; but rather retrench them. You might have lain deſolate till Antichriſt came, for any thing you could have got from thoſe you uſed to treat; neither let me hear of one Rag of bet-

ter Cloaths for your Wife or Brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is poſitively *Stella*'s Advice as well as mine. She ſays, now you need not be aſhamed to be thought Poor.

We compute you cannot be leſs than 30 Days abſent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a Bed till Noon to read *Homer*, but mind your Buſineſs effectually; and we think you ought to have no Breaking-up this *Auguſt*; but affect to adhere to your School cloſer than ever; becauſe you will find that your Ill-willers will give out, you are now going to quit your School, ſince you have got Preferment, &c.

Pray ſend me a large Bundle of Exerciſes, good as well as bad, for I want ſomething to read.

I would have you carry down three or four Sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own Church, and be very devout.

I ſent you in my laſt, a Bill of Twenty Pound on Mr. *Worral*, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the Pamphlet with *Worral*, and give him Directions, unleſs you have ſettled it already ſome other way. You know it muſt come out juſt when the P——t meets.

Keep

Keep theſe Letters where I adviſe you about your Living, till you have taken Advice.

Keep very regular Hours for the ſake of your Health and Credit; and wherever you lie a Night within twenty Miles of your Livings, before call the Family that Evening to Prayers.

I deſire you will wet no Commiſſion with your old Crew, nor with any but thoſe who befriend you, as Mr. *Tickel*, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a diſcarded Courtier, you have reaſon to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many Experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the Nature of Man. It is ſafer for a Man's Intereſt to blaſpheme God than to be of a Party out of Power, or even to be thought ſo. And ſince the laſt was the Caſe, how could you imagine that all

Mouths would not be open when you were received, and in ſome manner prefer'd by the Government, tho' in a poor Way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in *Ireland* who would allow a Potato and Butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your Countrymen, upon this Article, more than what is common in all other Nations, only *quoad magis & minus.* Too much Advertency is not your Talent, or elſe you had fled from that Text as from a Rock. For as *Don Quixot* ſaid to *Sancho*, what Buſineſs had you to ſpeak of a Halter, in a Family where one of it was hang'd? And your Innocence is a Protection that wiſe Men are aſham'd to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed againſt Common Senſe to think that you ſhould chuſe ſuch a Time, when you had received a Favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reaſon to expect more, to diſcover your Diſloyalty in the Pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore ſit down and be quiet, and mind your Buſineſs, as you do, and contract your Friendſhips, and expect no more from Man than ſuch an Animal is capable of, and you will every Day find my Deſcription of *Yahoos* more reſembling. You ſhould think and deal with every Man as a Villain, with-

without calling him ſo, or flying from him, or valuing him leſs. This is an old true Leſſon. You believe every one will acquit you of any Regard to temporal Intereſt; and how came you to claim an Exception from all Mankind? I believe you value your temporal Intereſt as much as any body, but you have not the Arts of purſuing it. You are miſtaken. Domeſtick Evils are no more within a Man than others; and he who cannot bear up againſt the firſt, will ſink under the ſecond, and in my Conſcience I believe this is your Caſe; for being of a weak Conſtitution, in an Employment precarious and tireſome, loaden with Children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a Man of intent and abſtracted Thinking, enſlav'd by Mathematicks, and Complaint of the World, this new Weight of Party Malice hath ſtruck you down, like a Feather on a Horſe's Back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the Apoſtle's Expreſſion, and ſay, I will ſtrive to learn in whatever State, *&c.*

I will bear none of your Viſions; you ſhall live at *Quilca* but three Fortnights and a Month in the Year; perhaps not ſo much. You ſhall make no Entertainments but what are neceſſary to your Intereſts; for your true Friends would rather

rather ſee you over a Piece of Mutton and a Bottle once a Quarter; you ſhall be merry at the Expence of others; you ſhall take care of your Health, and go early to bed, and not read late at Night; and laugh with all Men, without truſting any, and then a Fig for the Contrivers of your Ruin, who now have no further Thoughts than to ſtop your Progreſs, which perhaps they may not compaſs, unleſs I am deceiv'd more than uſual. All this you will do *ſi mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your Sermon, which is a Project abounding with Objections unanſwerable, and with which I could fill this Letter. You ſay nothing of having preach'd before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you ſpeak nothing but Generals. You think all the World has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. *Sheridan* down, whereas it is nothing but a Slap in your turn, and away. Lord *Oxford* ſaid once to me, on an occaſion: Theſe Fools, becauſe they hear a Noiſe about their Ears of their own making, think the whole World is full of it--When I come to Town we will change all this Scene, and act like Men of the World. Grow rich, and you will have no Enemies. Go ſometimes to the Caſtle, keep faſt Mr.

Tickell

Tickell and *Balagurr*; frequent thoſe on the right Side, Friends to the preſent Powers; drop thoſe who are loud on the wrong Party, becauſe they know they can ſuffer nothing by it.

LETTER XII.

To the ſame.

Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with *Neal*, in ſpight of his Harveſt, to carry up Miſs, with your Directions; and it is high time, for ſhe was run almoſt wild, though we have ſomething civiliz'd her ſince ſhe came among us. You are too ſhort in Circumſtances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you ſeen my Lord? Who forbid you to preach? Are you no longer Chaplain? Do you never go to the Caſtle? Are you certain of the Accuſer, that it is *Tigh*? Do you think my Lord acts thus becauſe he fears it would breed ill Humour if he ſhould openly favour one who is looked on as of a different Party? I think that is too mean for him.

I do

I do not much diſapprove your Letter, but I think it a wrong Method; pray read over the incloſed twice, and if you do not diſlike it, let it be ſent (not by a Servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. *Tickell.* There the Caſe is ſtated as well as I could do it in Generals, for want of knowing Particulars. When I come to Town I ſhall ſee the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as poſſible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however adviſe with Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Ballaguer.* I ſhould fancy that the Biſhop of *Limerick* could eaſily ſatisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your Guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to ſatisfy the Noiſe of Party at this Juncture, that he acts as he does; and if ſo (as I am confident it is) the Effect will ceaſe with the Cauſe. But without doubt, *Tigh* and others have dinn'd the Words Tory and Jacobite into his Excellency's Ears, and therefore your Text, *&c.* was only made uſe of as an Opportunity.

Upon the whole Matter you are no Loſer, but at leaſt have got ſomething. Therefore be not like him who hanged himſelf, becauſe going into a Gaming-Houſe and winning Ten thouſand Pounds, he loſt five Thouſand of it, and came

came away with only half his Winnings. When my Lord is in *London*, we may clear a way to him to do you another Job, and you are young enough to wait.

We ſet out to *Dublin* on *Monday* the 5th of *October*, and hope to ſup at the Deanry the next Night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad Bailiff towards the End of my Service. Your Hay is well brought in, and better ſtack'd than uſual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having ſome Sport ſoon, I hope it is no Sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to ſeal the inclos'd before you ſend it.

I ſend you back your Letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR Confuſion hindred you from giving any rational Account of your Diſtreſs, till this laſt Letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable Underſtanding how Things ſtand. We had a Paper ſent incloſ'd, ſubſcrib'd by Mr. *Ford*, as we ſuppoſe; it is in Print, and we all approve it, and this I ſuppoſe is the Sport I was to expect. I do think it agreed that All Animals fight with the Weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wiſe Remark out of my own Head) and the Devil take that Animal who will not offend his Enemy when he is provoked, with his proper Weapon; and though your old dull Horſe little values the Blows I give him with the butt End of my Stick, yet I ſtrike on and make him wince in ſpight of his Dulneſs; and

he

he ſhall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do ſo too to the Beaſt who has kick'd againſt you, and try how far his Inſenſibility will protect him, and you ſhall have Help, and he will be vexed, for ſo I found your Horſe this Day, though he would not move the faſter. I will kill that Flea or Louſe which bites me, though I get no Honour by it.

Laudari ab iis quos omnes laudant, is a Maxim, and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the Offer of your Mare, and how a pox could we come without her? They pull'd off her's and your Horſe's Shoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without Shoes, and ſo I was forc'd to ſhoe them again. All the Fellows here would be *T*---'s if they were but Privy-Counſellors. You will never be at eaſe for your Friend's Horſes or your own, till you have wall'd in a Park of twenty Acres, which I would have done next Spring.

You ſay not a Word of the Letter I ſent you for Mr. *Tickell*, whether you ſent it him or no; and yet it was very material that I ſhould know it. The two Devils of Inadvertency and Forgetfulneſs have got faſt hold on you. I think you need not quit his and *Balaguer*'s Company for the Reaſons I mentioned in that

that Letter, becauſe they are above Suſpicions, as *Whiggiſſimi* and *Unſuſpectiſſimi*. When Lord Lieutenant goes for *England*, I have a Method to ſet you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to Town, if I do not *Sheridan* it, I mean forget it.

I did a *Sheridaniſm*; I told you I had loſt your Letter inclos'd, which you intended to Lord *Carteret*, and yet I have it ſafe here.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

London, July 8, 1726.

Good DOCTOR,

I have had two Months of great Uneaſineſs at the ill Account of Mrs. *Johnſon*'s Health, and as it is uſual, fear'd the Worſt that was poſſible, and doubted all the good Accounts that were ſent me. I pray God her Danger may warn her to be leſs Wilful, and more ready to fall into thoſe Meaſures that her Friends

Friends and Phyſicians adviſe her to. I had a Letter two Days ago from Archdeacon *Walls*, dated ſix Days before yours, wherein he gives me a better Account than you do, and therefore I apprehend ſhe hath not mended ſince; and yet he ſays he *can honeſtly tell me ſhe is now much better.* Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a Share in this Letter; and therefore I will ſave him the Trouble of another. Tell him alſo, that I never aſked for my 1000 *l.* which he hears I have got, tho' I mentioned it to the Princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her, but I bid her tell *W*------ I ſcorned to aſk him for it; but blot out this Paſſage, and mention it to no one, except the Ladies; becauſe I know Mrs. *J*——*n* would be pleaſed with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this Letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further ſays, that Mrs. *J*—— has not taſted Claret for ſeveral Months, but once at his Houſe. This I diſlike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your Friends, unleſs it be yourſelf: I am ſorry for your new laborious Studies, but the beſt of it is, they will *not* be your own another Day. I thank you for your new Style, and moſt uſeful Quotations. I am only concerned,

that although you get the Grace of the Houſe, you will never get the Grace of the Town, but die plain *Sheridan*, or *Tom* at moſt, becauſe it is a Syllable ſhorter than Doctor. However I will give it you at Length in the Superſcription, and People will ſo wonder how the News could come and return ſo quick to and from *England*, eſpecially if the Wind be fair when the Packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in ſending for your Letters two Days after the Commencement. You loſt one Poſt by my being out of Town; for I came hither To-day, and ſhall ſtay three or four upon ſome Buſineſs, and then go back to Mr. *Pope*'s, and there continue till *Auguſt*, and then come to Town till I begin my Journey to *Ireland*, which I propoſe the Middle of *Auguſt*. My old Servant *Archy* is here ruined and ſtarving, and has purſued me and wrote me a Letter, but I have refuſed to ſee him. Our Friend at the Caſtle writ to me two Months ago, to have a ſight of thoſe Papers, &c. of which I brought away a Copy. I have anſwered him, that whatever Papers I have, are convey'd from one Place to another through nine or ten Hands, and that I have the Key. If he ſhould mention any thing

thing of Papers in general either to you or the Ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the ſame Story, and laugh at my Humour in it, &c. My Service to Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Helſham*, the *Grettons* and *Jackſons*. There is not ſo deſpiſed a Creature here as your Friend with the ſoft Verſes on Children. I heartily pity him. ——— This is the firſt time I was ever weary of *England*, and longed to be in *Ireland*; but it is becauſe go I muſt; for I do not love *Ireland* better, nor *England*, as *England*, worſe; in ſhort, you all live in a wretched, dirty Dog-hole and Priſon, but it is a Place good enough to die in. I can tell you one Thing, that I have had the faireſt Offer made me of a Settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten Years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve Miles of *London*, and in the midſt of my Friends. But I am too old for new Schemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my Freedoms and Liberalities. But ſo it is, that I muſt be forced to get home partly by Stealth and partly by Force. I have indeed one Temptation for this Winter, much ſtronger, which is of a fine Houſe and

Garden, and Park, and Wine-Cellar in *France*, to paſs away Winter in, and if Mrs. *J——n* were not ſo out of Order I would certainly accept of it; and I wiſh ſhe would go to *Montpellier* at the ſame time. You ſee I am grown Viſionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

July 27, 1726.

I Have yours juſt now of the 19th, and the Account you give me is nothing but what I have ſome Time expected with the utmoſt Agonies; and there is one Aggravation of Conſtraint, that where I am, I am forc'd to put on an eaſy Countenance. It was at this Time the beſt Office your Friendſhip could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all laſt Year, as I believe you remember, that ſhe ſhould

ſhould go to *Montpellier*, or *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*. I entreated, if there was no Amendment, they might both come to *London*. But there was a Fatality, although I indeed think her Stamina could not laſt much longer, when I ſaw ſhe could take no Nouriſhment. I look upon this as the greateſt Event that can ever happen to me, but all my Preparations will not ſuffice to make me bear it like a Philoſopher, nor altogether like a Chriſtian. There hath been the moſt intimate Friendſhip between us from her Childhood, and the greateſt Merit on her Side that ever was in one human Creature towards another.——Nay if I were now near her I would not ſee her, I could not behave myſelf tolerably, and ſhould redouble her Sorrow.———Judge in what a Temper of Mind I write this----The very time I am writing, I conclude the faireſt Soul in the World hath left its Body.——Confuſion! that I am this Moment call'd down to a Viſitor, when I am in the Country, and not in my Power to deny myſelf.———I have paſſed a very conſtrained Hour, and now return to ſay I know not what: I have been long weary of the World, and ſhall for my ſmall Remainder of Years be weary of Life,

having for ever loſt that Converſation which could only make it tolerable.——I fear while you are reading this, you will be ſhedding Tears at her Funeral; ſhe loved you well, and a great Share of the little Merit I have with you, is owing to her Sollicitations.

I writ to you about a Week ago.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private Hand, for my Writing is too much known, and my Letters often ſtopt and open'd. I had yours of the 4th Inſt. and it is the only one I have received out of *Ireland* ſince I left you. I hardly thought our Friend would be in danger by a Cold; I am of Opinion ſhe ſhould be generally in the Country, and only now and then viſit the Town:——We are here in a ſtrange Situation; a firm, ſettled Reſolution

to

to aſſault the preſent Adminiſtration, and break it if poſſible. It is certain that *W*—— is Peeviſh and Diſconcerted, ſtoops to the vileſt Offices of hiring Scoundrels to write *Billingſgate* of the loweſt and moſt proſtitute Kind, and has none but Beaſts and Blockheads for his Pen-men, whom he pays in ready Guineas very liberally. I am in high Diſpleaſure with him and his Partiſans; a great Man, who was very kind to me laſt Year, doth not take the leaſt Notice of me at the P——'s Court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me. I am adviſed by all my Friends not to go to *France*, (as I intended for two Months) for fear of their Vengeance in a Manner which they cannot execute here. —— I reckon there will be a warm Winter, wherein my Comfort is, I ſhall have no Concern. I deſire you will read this Letter to none but our two Friends, and Mr. *P*——; his Couſin with the red Ribbon enquired very kindly after him. —— I hear no News about your Biſhops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant ſtickles to have them of *Ireland*, which *W*—— always is averſe from, but does not think it worth his Trouble to exert his Credit on ſuch Trifles. The Diſpute about a War or no

War ſtill continues, and the major Part inclines to the latter, although ten Thouſand Men are order'd for *Holland.* But this will bring ſuch an Addition to our Debts, that it will give great Advantages againſt thoſe in Power, in the next Seſſions. *W*——— laughs at all this, but not ſo heartily as he uſed. I have at laſt ſeen the P----s twice this Week by her own Commands; ſhe retains her old Civility, and I my old Freedom; ſhe charges me without Ceremony, to be Author of a bad Book, though I told her how angry the Miniſtry were; but ſhe aſſures me that both ſhe and the P——— were very well pleaſed with every Particular; but I diſown'd the whole Affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, ſince ſhe lik'd the Book, to ſuppoſe what Author ſhe pleaſed.——You will wonder to find me ſay ſo much of Politicks, but I keep very bad Company, who are full of nothing elſe. — Pray be very careful of your Charge, or I ſhall order my Lodgers the Bulk of their Glaſſes, and the Number of their Bottles.— I ſtole this Time to write to you, having very little to ſpare. I go as ſoon as poſſible to the Country, and ſhall rarely ſee this Town.

My Service to all Friends.

I deſire you will ſend me ſix Setts of the Edition of the Drapiers, by the firſt Convenience of any Friend or Acquaintance that comes hither.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

London, June 24, 1727.

I Have received your laſt, with the incloſed Print. I deſire you will let Dr. *D*——— know that I tranſcrib'd the Subſtance of his Letter, and the Tranſlation of what was Regiſter'd, and added a whole State of the Caſe, and gave it Mrs. *H*——*d* to give to the Prince from me, and to deſire that as Chancellor, he would do what he thought moſt fit. I forgot to aſk Mrs. *H*——*d* what was done in it, the next Time I ſaw her, and the Day I came to Town came the News of the K—'s Death, of which I ſent Particulars the very ſame Day to our Friend; ſince then we have been

been all in a Hurry, with Millions of Schemes. I deferr'd kiſſing the K— and Q—'s Hands till the third Day, when my Friends at Court chid me for deferring it ſo long. I have been and am ſo extreamly buſy, that tho' I begin this Letter, I cannot finiſh it till next Poſt; for now it is the laſt Moment it can go, and I have much more to ſay. I was juſt ready to go to *France*, when the News of the K——'s Death arrived, and I came to Town in order to begin my Journey. But I was deſired to delay it, and I then determined it a ſecond Time: When upon ſome new Incidents, I was with great Vehemence diſſuaded from it by certain Perſons whom I could not diſobey. Thus Things ſtand with me. My Stomach is pretty good, but for ſome Days my Head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly us'd to. Here is a ſtrange World, and our Friend would reproach me for my Share in it; but it ſhall be ſhort, for I deſign ſoon to return into the Country. I am thinking of a Chancellor for the Univerſity, and have pitched upon one, but whether he will like it, or my Word be of any Uſe, I know not. The Talk is now for a moderating Scheme, wherein no-body ſhall be uſed the Worſe or Better for

for being call'd Whig or Tory, and the King hath received both with great Equality; ſhewing Civilities to ſeveral who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a Dozen that we ſhould go in a Line to kiſs the K—— and Q———'s Hands. We have now done with Repining, if we ſhall be uſed well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if Things do not mend it is not our Faults: We have made our Offers: If otherwiſe, we are as we were. It is agreed the Miniſtry will be changed, but the others will have a ſoft Fall; although the K—— muſt be exceſſive Generous if he forgives the Treatment of ſome People. I writ long ago my Thoughts to my Viceroy, and he may proceed as he ſhall be adviſed. But if the A. B. goes on to proceed to *ſub pœna contemptus*, &c. I would have an Appeal at proper Time, which I ſuppoſe muſt be to Delegates, or the Crown, I know not which. However, I will ſpend a hundred or two Pounds, rather than be enſlav'd, or betray a Right which I do not value Three-pence, but my Succeſſors may. My Service to all Friends; and ſo thinking I have ſaid enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your Fruit,

for

for I dare eat none here. It hath coſt me five Shillings in Victuals ſince I came here, and ten Pounds to Servants where I have dined. I ſuppoſe my Agent in *Sheep-Street* takes Care and enquires about my new Agent.

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I Had yours of *June* 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was ſo conſtant a Writer. I have writ ſix Times to our Friends, and as many to you. Mr. *Pope* is reading your *Perſius*; he is frequently ſick, and ſo at this Time; he has read it, but you muſt wait till next Letter for his Judgment. He would know whether it is deſigned for an elegant Tranſlation, or only to ſhew the Meaning; I reckon it an Explanation of a difficult Author, not only for Learners, but for thoſe alſo who are not expert in Latin, becauſe

cauſe he is a very dark Author: I would not have your Book printed entire, till I treat with my Bookſeller here for your Advantage. There is a Word *(Concacuus)* which you have not explained, nor the Reaſon of it. Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant. I writ to *Stella* the Day we heard the K—— was dead, and the Circumſtances of it. I hold you a Guinea I ſhall forget ſomething. *Worrall* writ to me lately. In Anſwer, I deſire that when the A. Bp. comes to a Determination, that an Appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my Return, which will be at *Michaelmas.* I have left *London,* and ſtay here a Week, and then I ſhall go thither again; juſt to ſee the Q———, and ſo come back hither. Here are a thouſand Schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, becauſe I like none of them. I have been this ten Days inclining to my old Diſeaſe of Giddineſs, a little Tottering; our Friend underſtands it, but I grow Cautious, and am ſomething better: Cyder and Champagne and Fruit have been the Cauſe. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Doctor *D*------ Paper to the K— when he was

Pr—

Pr—; he and his Secretary are diſcontented with the Provoſt, but they find he has Law on his Side. The King's Death hath broke that Meaſure. I propos'd the Pr. of *Wales* to be Chancellor, and I believe ſo it will go. Pray copy out the Verſes I writ to *Stella* on her collecting my Verſes, and ſend them to me, for we want ſome to make our Poetical Miſcellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what ſhould be added. Direct them, and all other double Papers to Lord *B*------ in *St. James*'s *Square*, *London*. I was in a Fright about your Verſes on *Stella*'s Sickneſs, but glad when they were a Month old.

Deſire our Friends to let me know what I ſhould buy for them here, of any Kind. I had juſt now a long Letter from Mr. *Dingley*, and another from Mr. *Synge*. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great Thanks, and will leave the Viſiting Affair to his Diſcretion. But all the Lawyers in *Europe* ſhall never perſuade me that it is in the A. Bp's Power to take or refuſe my Proxy, when I have the King's Leave of Abſence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three Hundred Pounds poorer, to defend the Rights of the Dean. Pray aſk Mr. *Synge* whether his Fenocchio be

grown;

grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like Sellary, either with or without Oil, &c. I deſign to paſs my Time wholly in the Country, having ſome Buſineſs to do, and ſettle, before I leave *England* for the laſt Time. I will ſend you Mr. *Pope*'s Criticiſms, and my own, on your Work. Pray forget nothing of what I deſire you. Pray God bleſs you all. If the K——— had lived but ten Days longer, I ſhould be now at *Paris*. Simpleton! the *Drapier*'s ſhould have been ſent unbound, but 'tis no great Matter; two or three would have been enough. I ſee Mrs. *Fad* but ſeldom, I never trouble them but when I am ſent for; ſhe expects me ſoon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I deſire it may be told that I never go to Court, which I mention becauſe of a Paſſage in Mrs. *D*———'s Letter; ſhe ſpeaks mighty good Things of your Kindneſs. I do not want that Poem to *Stella*, to print it entire, but ſome Paſſages out of it, if they deſerve it, to lengthen the Volume. Read all this Letter without Heſitation, and I'll give you a Pot of Ale. I intend to be with you at *Michaelmas*, barr Impoſſibilities.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I Am cleverly caught, if ever Gentleman was cleverly caught; for three Days after I came to Town with Lord *Oxford* from *Cambridge-ſhire*, which was ten Days ago, my old Deafneſs ſeized me, and hath continued ever ſince with great Encreaſe; ſo that I am now Deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little leſs, I think, than I was Yeſterday; but which is worſe, about four Days ago my Giddineſs ſeized me, and I was ſo very ill, that Yeſterday I took a hearty Vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a Thought better; but what will be the Event, I know not; one thing I know, that theſe deaf Fits uſe to continue five or ſix Weeks, and I am reſolved if it continues, or my Giddineſs, ſome Days longer, I will leave this Place, and remove to *Green-*

Greenwich, or ſomewhere near *London*, and take my Couſin *Lancelot* to be my Nurſe. Our Friends know her; it is the ſame with *Pat Rolt*. If my Diſorder ſhould keep me longer than my Licence of Abſence laſts, I would have you get Mr. *Worral* to renew it; it will not expire till the ſixth or ſeventh of *October*, and I reſolved to begin my Journey *Sept.* 15th. Mr. *Worrall* will ſee by the Date of my Licence what time the new one ſhould commence; but he hath ſeven Weeks yet to conſider: I only ſpeak in time. I am very uneaſy here, becauſe ſo many of our Acquaintance come to ſee us, and I cannot be ſeen; beſides, Mr. *Pope* is too ſickly and complaiſant; therefore I reſolve to go ſomewhere elſe. This is a little unlucky, my Head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think beſt. The K——— and Q——— come in two Days to our Neighbourhood; and there I ſhall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my Grievances, for I had rather be abſent, and have now too good an Excuſe. I believe this Giddineſs is the Diſorder that will at laſt get the better of me; but I

had rather it ſhould not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than Yeſterday.———Since my Dinner my Giddineſs is much better, and my Deafneſs a hair's breadth not ſo bad. 'Tis juſt as uſual, worſt in the Morning and at Evening. I will be very Temperate; and in the midſt of Peaches, Figs, Nectarins, and Mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I ſhall however ſet out in the middle of *September*, as I deſigned.———This is a long Letter for an ill Head: So adieu. My Service to our two Friends and all others.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I Have had your Letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the moſt fatal News that can ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put to

Death

Death for ſome ignominious Crime. I continue very ill with my Giddineſs and Deafneſs, of which I had two Days intermiſſion, but ſince worſe, and I ſhall be perfectly content if God ſhall pleaſe to call me away at this Time. Here is a triple Cord of Friendſhip broke, which hath laſted thirty Years, twenty-four of which in *Ireland*. I beg if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no Particulars, but the Event in general: My Weakneſs, my Age, my Friendſhip will bear no more. I have mentioned the Caſe as well as I knew it, to a Phyſician who is my Friend; and I find his Methods were the ſame, Air, and Exerciſe, and at laſt Aſſes-Milk. I will tell you ſincerely, that if I were younger, and in Health, or in Hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my Mind by all Methods in order to paſs my Life in quiet; but I now want only three Months of Sixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a Diſeaſe that will at laſt cut me off; if I ſhould this Time eſcape, if not, I have but a poor Remainder, and that is below any wiſe Man's valuing. I do not intend to return to *Ireland* ſo ſoon as I purpoſed; I would not be there in the very midſt of Grief.

I deſire you will ſpeak to Mr. *Worrall*, to get a new Licence about the beginning of *October*, when my old one, (as he will ſee by the Date) ſhall expire; but if that fatal Accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my preſent Condition. What I intend, is immediately to leave this Place, and go with my old Couſin for a Nurſe about five Miles from *London*, on the other Side towards the Sea, and if I recover, I will either paſs this Winter near *Saliſbury-Plain*, or in *France*; and therefore I deſire Mr. *Worrall* may make this Licence run like the former [To *Great-Britain* or elſewhere for Recovery of his Health].

Neither my Health nor Grief will permit me to ſay more: Your Directions to Mr. *Lancelot*, at his Houſe in *New Bond-ſtreet*, over againſt the *Crown and Cuſhion*, will reach me. Farewell.

This Stroke was unexpected, and my Fears laſt Year were ten Times greater.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

London, Sept. 2, 1727.

I Had yours of the 19th of *Auguſt*, which I anſwered the 29th, from *Twickenham*. I came to Town on the laſt Day of *Auguſt*, being impatient of ſtaying there longer, where ſo much Company came to us while I was ſo Giddy and Deaf. I am now got to my Couſin *Lancelot*'s Houſe, where I deſire all Letters may be directed to me; I am ſtill in the ſame Condition, or rather worſe, for I walk like a drunken Man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable Health, I would go this Moment to *Ireland*; yet I think I would not, conſidering the News I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received yours of *Auguſt* 24; I kept it an Hour in my Pocket, with all the Suſpenſe of a Man who expected to hear the worſt News that For-

tune could give him; and at the ſame Time was not able to hold up my Head. Theſe are the Perquiſites of living long: The laſt Act of Life is always a Tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter Aggravation to have one's beſt Friend go before one. I deſired in my laſt, that you would not enlarge upon that Event; but tell me the bare Fact. I long knew that our dear Friend had not the *Stamina Vitæ*; but my Friendſhip could not arm me againſt this Accident altho' I foreſaw it. I have ſaid enough in my laſt Letter, which now I ſuppoſe is with you. I know not whether it be an Addition to my Grief or no, that I am now extreamly ill; for it would have been a Reproach to me to be in perfect Health, when ſuch a Friend is deſperate. I do profeſs, upon my Salvation, that the diſtreſſed and deſperate Condition of our Friend, makes Life ſo indifferent to me, who by Courſe of Nature have ſo little left, that I do not think it worth the Time to ſtruggle; yet I ſhould think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this preſent Diſorder; and to what Advantage? Why, to ſee the Loſs of that Perſon for whoſe ſake Life was only worth preſerving. I brought both thoſe Friends over, that we might be happy toge-

together as long as God ſhould pleaſe; the Knot is broken, and the remaining Perſon, you know, has ill anſwered the End; and the other who is now to be loſt, was all that is Valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great Hypocrite. What have I to do in the World? I was never in ſuch Agonies as when I received your Letter, and had it in my Pocket.——— I am able to hold up my ſorry Head no longer.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

Market-Hill, Aug. 2, 1728.

OUR Friends here, as well as myſelf, were ſadly diſappointed upon hearing the Account of your Journey. No body in Town or Country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I perſuaded our Family that you were certainly in a Way of making yourſelf eaſy, and had got that Living you mentioned, and accordingly we were grieved and

rejoiced at the Loſs and Settlement of a Friend, but it never entered into our Heads that you were beſtowing forty Days in ſeveral Stages between Conſtable and Conſtable, without any real Benefit to yourſelf, further than of Exerciſe; and we wiſhed that no body ſhould have had the Benefit of your long Abſence from your School, but yourſelf, by a good Living, or we by your good Company: much leſs that the Pleaſure of Spighting *T*———— had been your great Motive. I heartily wiſh you were ſettled at *Hamilton*'s Bawn, and I would be apt to adviſe you not to quit your Thoughts that Way, if the Matter may be brought to bear; for by a Letter I juſt received from the Biſhop of *Cork*, which was ſhort and dry, with the ſtale Excuſe of Pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.———As to what you call my Exerciſe, I have long quitted it, it gave me too much Conſtraint, and the World does not deſerve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of Winter.

As to my Return, there are many Speculations. I am well here, and hate Removals; my Scheme was, that you ſhould come hither as you ſay, and I return with you in your

Chaiſe.

Chaiſe. Sir *A*———, on hearing your Letter, preſſed me to ſtay longer. I am a very buſy Man, ſuch as at *Quilca*, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be preſs'd more to ſtay till *Chriſtmas*, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own Viſitation: And my Reaſon of Staying is, to be here the Planting and Pruning Time, &c. I hate *Dublin*, and love the Retirement here, and the Civility of my Hoſts. This is my State and Humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my Scheme. However I would have you keep your Vacation of *September* here; and let Mrs. *Brent* ſend me a dozen Guineas (half of them Half-Guineas) by you, and a Periwig, and a new riding Gown and Caſſock, and whatever elſe I may want by a longer Abſence, provided you will reſolve and ſwear that I ſhall ſtay.

I had all Mrs. *Brent*'s Packets by Mr. *Little*. My Service to Mrs. *Dingley*; I cannot ſay that I have more to ſay, than to ſay that I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

Sept. 18, 1728.

MY Continuance here is owing partly to Indolence, and partly to my Hatred of *Dublin*. I am in a middling Way, between Healthy and Sick, hardly ever without a little Giddineſs or Deafneſs, and ſometimes both: So much for that. As to what you call my Leſſon, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the World deſerves ſo much Trouble from you or me. I think the Sufferings of the Country, for want of Silver, deſerves a Paper, ſince the Remedy is ſo eaſy, and thoſe in Power ſo negligent. I had ſome other Subjects in my Thoughts; but truly I am taken up ſo much with long Lampoons on a Perſon who owns you for a Back, that I have no Time for any Thing elſe; and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two Hundred

Hundred Lines, I am chid for my Idleneſs, and threaten'd with you. I deſire you will ſtep to the Deanry, ſpeak to Mrs. *Brent*, bid her open the middle great Drawer of *Ridgeway's* 'Scrutore in my Cloſet, and then do you take out from thence, the Hiſtory in Folio, marble Cover; and two thin Folio's fairly writ. I forget the Titles, but you have read them one is an Account of the Proceedings of Lord *Oxford's* Miniſtry, and the other to the ſame Purpoſe. There are foul Copies of both in the ſame Drawer, but do you take out the Fair-ones, not in my Hand. Let them be pack'd up, and brought hither by the Bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir *Ar*—— and me, and ſhews every Creature the Libels I have writ againſt her.

Mr. *Worrall* ſent me the Particulars of the Havock made in *Naboth's* Vineyard. —— The D—— burſt, &c.

I think Lady *Dun's* burning would be an admirable Subject to ſhew how hateful an Animal a human Creature is, that is known to have never done any good. The Rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any Misfortune to a Man known to be Charitable.

I wiſh

I wiſh you could get in with the Primate, on the Account of ſome Diſcourſe about you here to-day, with *Whaley* and *Walmſley*. *Whaley* goes to *Dublin* on *Monday* next in order for *England*. I would have you ſee him. I fancy you may do ſome Good with the Primate as to the firſt good vacant School, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggiſhly.

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

Dublin March 27, 1733.

I Received your Letter with ſome Pleaſure, and a good deal of Concern. The Condition you are in requires the greateſt haſte hither, although your School did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. *Helſham* to ſee and direct you; your Scheme of Riding and Country-Air you find hath not anſwered, and therefore you have nothing to truſt to but the Aſſiſtance of a friendly, ſkilful Doctor. For whether

whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at preſent, becauſe the Publick, and all your Family have occaſion for it. Beſides, I do not like the Place you are in, from your Account, ſince you ſay People are dying there ſo faſt. You cannot afford to loſe daily Blood; but I ſuppoſe you are no more regular than you have been in your whole Life. I like the Article very much, which you propoſe in your Will; and if that takes place forty Years hence, and God for the Sins of Men ſhould continue that Life ſo long, I would have it be ſtill inſerted; unleſs you could make it a little ſharper. I own you have too much Reaſon to complain of ſome Friends, who next to yourſelf have done you moſt hurt, whom ſtill I eſteem, and frequent, though I confeſs I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the Caſe was not meerly perſonal Malice to you, (although it had the ſame Effects) but a kind of I know not what Job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your Collection of *Bons mots*, and *Contes à rire* will be much the beſt extant; but you are apt to be terribly Sanguine about the Profits of Publiſhing: However it ſhall have

have all the Puſhing I can give. I have been much out of order with a Spice of my Giddineſs, which began before you left us: I am better of late Days, but not right yet, though I take daily Drops and Bitters. I muſt do the beſt I can, but ſhall never be more a Night-Walker. You hear they have in *England* paſs'd the Exciſe on Tobacco, and by their Votes it appears they intend it on more Articles. And care is taken by ſome ſpecial Friends here to have it the ſame Way here. We are Slaves already, and from my Youth upwards. They, great wiſe Men, whom I uſed to be among, taught me that a general Exciſe (which they now by Degrees intend) is the moſt direct and infallible Way to Slavery. Pray G——— ſend it them in his Juſtice, for they well deſerve it. All your Friends and the Town are juſt as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on Horſeback, or dining and ſitting the Evening at Home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of Indolence, and Want of Spirits. No Soul has broke his Neck, or is Hang'd or Married; only *Cancerina* is dead, and I let her go to her Grave without a Coffin, and without Fees.———So I am going to take my Evening Walk after Five, having not been

been out of Doors yet. I wiſh you well and ſafe home; pray call on me on *Sunday* Night.

I am, Yours, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a Hundred Literal Blunders, but I cannot ſtay to mend them---- So pick as you are able.

I am not ſo FRANCK a Writer as you.

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

Sept. 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious Obſervation upon the Days of the Week, and in Rhime, worth your Obſervation, and very proper for the Information of Boys and Girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: *Sunday's a Pun-day, Monday's a Dun-day, Tueſday's a News-day, Wedn'ſday's a Friend's-day, Thurſday's a Curs'd-day, Friday's a Dry-day, Saturday's the Latter-day.* I intend ſomething of equal

equal Uſe upon the Months: As *January, Women vary.* I ſhall likewiſe in due Time make ſome Obſervation upon each Year as it paſſes. So for the preſent Year:

One Thouſand ſeven Hundred and Thirty-five,
When only the D——l and B——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

One Thouſand ſeven Hundred Thirty-ſix,
When the D----l will carry the B----ps to Styx.

Pergé,

One Thouſand ſeven Hundred Thirty-ſeven,
When the Whigs are ſo blind they miſtake Hell for Heav'n.

I will carry theſe Predictions no further than to the Year 2001, when the Learn'd think the World will be at End, or the fine-all-Cat-a-ſtrow-fee.

The laſt is the Period, two Thouſand and One,
When M-----s and B-----s to Hell are all gone.

When

When that Time comes, pray remember the Diſcovery came from me.

It is now time I ſhould begin my Letter. I hope you got ſafe to *Cavan* and have got no Cold in thoſe two terrible Days. All your Friends are well, and I as I us'd to be. I received yours. My humble Service to your Lady, and Love to your Children. I ſuppoſe you have all the News ſent to you. I hear of no Marriages going on. One Dean *Croſs*, an eminent Divine, we hear is to be Biſhop of *Cork*.———Stay till I aſk a Servant what *Patrick*'s Bells ring for ſo late at Night—You Fellow, is it for Joy or Sorrow? I believe it ſome of our Royal Birth-Days.———Oh, they tell me it is for Joy of a new Maſter choſen for the Corporation of Butchers. So farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

To the ſame.

Sept. 30, 1735.

YEſterday was the Going-out of the laſt Lord Mayor, and To-day the Coming-in of the New, who is Alderman *Gratton*. The Duke was at both Dinners, but I thought it enough to go To-day, and I came away before Six with very little Meat or Drink. The Club meets in a Week, and I determine to leave the Town as ſoon as poſſible, for I am not able to live within the Air of ſuch Raſcals; but whither to go, or how far my Health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my Mind miſgives me that you are neither in Humour had Capacity to receive me as a Gueſt. I had your Law-letter. Thoſe Things require ſerious Conderation: In order to bring them to a due Perfection, a wiſe Man will prepare a large Fund of Idioms; which are highly uſeful when

when literally tranſlated by a ſkilful, eloquent Hand, and, except our *Latino Anglicus*, is the moſt neceſſary as well as ornamental Part of human Learning. But then we muſt take ſpecial Care of infuſing the moſt uſeful Precepts for the Direction of human Life, particularly for inſtructing Princes and great Miniſters, diſtributing our Praiſes and Cenſures with the utmoſt Impartiality and Juſtice. This is what I have preſumed to attempt, although very conſcious to myſelf of my inferior Abilities for ſuch a Performance. I begin with *Lady*; and becauſe the judicious Mr. *Locke* ſays it is neceſſary to ſettle Terms before we write upon any Subject, I deſcribe a certain Female of your Acquaintance, whoſe Name ſhall be *Dorothy*; it is in the following manner: *Dolis Aſtra per, Aſtra mel, A ſus, A quoque et*; *Atra pes, An id Lar, Alas i bo nes, A præ ter, At at Lar, Avi ſi ter, Age ipſi, Aſtro lar, An empti pate, Aræ Lar, Aram Lar, An et, Ades e ver, Aſt rumpet, Ad en, Agam Lar, Agrum Lar, Ac ros pus, Affiat error, Ape e per, As noti nos, Ara ver, Ahuc ſtare, Aſſo ſis ter, Avi per, Ad rive Lar, Age Lar, Apud Lar, A ſis Lar, A ſis ter, A far ter, As hi ter, Anus Lar, A mus Lar, Arat Lar, A minximus, A prata pace, A gallo per,*

A ſive. Moſt learned Sir, I entreat you will pleaſe to obſerve (ſince I muſt ſpeak in the vulgar Language) that in the above forty-three Denominations for Females, many of them end with the domeſtick Deity *Lar*, to ſhew that Women were chiefly created for Family Affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other Author hath made the ſame Remark. I have likewiſe begun a Treatiſe of *Geography*, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it erroneouſly *Jog Ralph I*) *Mei quo te ſummo ſit? Aſtra canis a miti eiti? an Dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here.* I have a third Treatiſe to direct young Ladies in Reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an Dy et Belli anis is ab et ter. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorſo ne Iſthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæſti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, Ac at, Arat, Amaſti, fanda Lædi; Imæ ad amo uſto o; A lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beaſti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari ſono dius or no?*

I believe ſome evil Spirit hath got Poſſeſſion of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any Power with the D——— of *D———*, or with any one Biſhop or Man of Power. I did but glance a ſingle Word to the D——— about

as

as proper a Thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to ſome other Diſcourſe. You ſay, one Word of my Mouth would do, &c. I believe the Rhime of my Word would do juſt as much. Am I not univerſally known to be one who diſlikes all preſent Perſons and Proceedings? Another writes to deſire that I would prevail on the A. Bp. of *Dublin* to give him the beſt Prebend of St. *Patrick's*. Let Biſhop *Clayton* allow the Reſignation, ſince *Donellan* is provided for. I mentioned to the D——— that *Donellan* ſhould be Dean of *Cork*, on purpoſe to forward the Reſignation of old *Caulfield*, but it would not do, tho' *Caulfield* ſeems to have ſome Hopes, and it is B. *Clayton's* Fault if he does not yield, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To the ſame.

I Have been very ill for theſe two Months paſt with Giddineſs and Deafneſs, which laſh'd me till about ten Days ago, when I gradually

dually recover'd, but ſtill am Weak and Indolent, not thinking any Thing worth my Thoughts; and although (I forget what I was going to ſay, ſo it ſerves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the Pains. Your Friend Mrs. *Whiteway*, who is upon all Occaſions ſo zealous to vindicate, is one whom I deſire you to chide; for during my whole Sickneſs, ſhe was perpetually plaguing and ſpunging on me; and though ſhe would drink no Wine herſelf, yet ſhe encreaſed the Expence by making me force it down her Throat. Some of your eight Rules I follow, ſome I reject, ſome I cannot compaſs, I mean merry Fellows. Mr. *J. R*—— never fails; I did within two Days paſt ring him ſuch a Peal in relation to you, that he muſt be the D——l not to conſider it; I will uſe him the ſame Way, if he comes To-morrow, (which I do not doubt) for a pint of Wine. I like your Project of a Satyr on *Fairbrother*, who is an arrant Raſcal in every Circumſtance.

Every Syllable that is worth Reading, in this Letter, you are to ſuppoſe I writ it; the Dean only took the Hints from me, but he has put them ſo ill together, that I am forc'd to tell you this in my own Juſtification. Had you been worth

Hanging,

Hanging, you would have come to Town this Vacation, and I would have ſhown you a Poem on the Legion-Club. *I do not doubt but that a certain Perſon will pretend he writ it, becauſe there is a Copy of it in his Hand, lying on his Table; but do not you mind that, for there are ſome People in the World will ſay any Thing. I wiſh you could give ſome Account of poor Dr.* Sheridan; *I hear the Reaſon he did not come to Town this* Eaſter *is, that he waited to ſee a Neighbour of his Hang'd.*

Whatever is ſaid in this Page by Goody *Whiteway*, I have not read nor will read; but aſſure you, if it relates to me it is all a Lie; for ſhe ſays you have taught her that Art, and as the World goes, and ſhe takes you for a wiſe Man, ſhe ought to follow your Practice. To be ſerious, I am ſorry you ſaid ſo little of your own Affairs, and of your Health; and when will you pay me any Money? for upon my Conſcience you have half ſtarved me.

The Plover Eggs were admirable, and the Worſted for the Dean's Stockings ſo fine that not one Knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; ſo one Anſwer will ſerve if you write to us both, provided you juſtly give us both our

Share, and each of us will read our own Part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that Diſorder be better.

If the Dean ſhould give you any Hint about Money, you need not mind him, for to my Knowledge he borrowed twenty Pounds a Month ago, to keep himſelf alive.

I am ſorry to tell you that poor Mrs. *Whiteway* is to be hang'd on *Tueſday* next, for ſtealing a Piece of *Indian* Silk out of *Bradſhaw*'s Shop, and did not ſet the Houſe on fire, as I advis'd her: I have wrote a very maſterly Poem on the *Legion-Club*; which, if the Printer will be condemn'd to be Hang'd for it, you will ſee in a three-penny Book; for it is 240 Lines. Mrs. *Whiteway* is to have half the Profit and half the Hanging.

The Drapier *went this Day to the* Tholſel *as a Merchant, to ſign a Petition to the Government againſt lowering the Gold, where we hear he made a long Speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God ſend Hanging does not go round.*

Yours, &c.

April 24, 1736.

[The Paragraphs in Italick were wrote by Mrs. *Whiteway.*]

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

To the ſame.

MRS. *Whiteway* and I were fretting, raging, ſtorming, and fuming, that you had not ſent a Letter ſince you got to your *Caban*, (for the V conſonant was anciently a B) I mean *Cavan*: But, however, we mingled Pity; for we feared you had run away from School, and left the Key under the Door. We were much diſappointed, that the Spring and beginning of Summer had not introduced the Muſes, and that your (now) walkable Roads had not rous'd your Spirits. We are here the happieſt People in the Univerſe; we have a Year and a half before the Club will meet, to be reveng'd further on the Clergy, who never offended them; and in *England* their Parliament are following our Steps, only with two or three Steps for our one: It is well you have done with the Church, but pray take Care to get Money, elſe in a Year or two more

more they will forbid all *Greek* and *Latin* Schools, as Popiſh and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs To-Day. He has prevailed on us to make a Promiſe to beſtow upon *England* 25000 *l.* a Year for ever, by lowering the Gold Coin, againſt the Petition of all the Merchants, Shop-keepers, &c. to a Man. May his own Eſtate be lowered the other forty Parts, for we now loſe by all Gold two and a half *per Cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay a worſe) Man by 60000 *l.* than he was when he came over, and the Nation better (that is to ſay worſe) by above half a Million; beſides the worthy Method he hath taken in Diſpoſal of Employments in Church and State. Here is a curſed long Libel running about in Manuſcript, on the *Legion-Club*; it is in Verſe, and the fooliſh Town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the Original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; though I have once read the true one. What has *Fowlbrother* done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your Provocations; but he was a Fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the Title ſhall be, *Upon a certain Bookſeller (or Printer).*

Printer) in Utopia.——Mrs. *Whiteway* will be here To-morrow, and ſhe will anſwer your ſincere, open-hearted Letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one Night.

SIR,

I Am moſt ſincerely obliged to you for all the civil Things you have ſaid to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good Effect of them this Day; when I waited on him, he received me with great Good-humour, ſaid ſomething had happened ſince he ſaw me laſt that had convinced him of my Merit; that he was ſorry he had treated me with ſo little Diſtinction, and that hereafter I ſhould not be put upon the foot of an humble Companion, but like a Lady of Wit and Learning, and Fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan *to part with his Wife, he would make her his Friend, his Nurſe, and the Manager of his Family. I approved entirely of his Choice, and at the ſame Time expreſſed my Fears, that it wou'd be impoſſible for you to think of living without her; this is all that ſticks with me, but conſidering the Friendſhip you expreſs to me for the Dean, I hope you will be per-*

perſuaded to conſider his Good rather than your own; and ſend her up immediately; or elſe it will put him to the Expence of giving three Shillings and Four-pence for a Wife, and he declares that the badneſs of Pay of his Tythes, ſince the Reſolutions of the Parliament of Ireland, *puts this out of his Power.*

I could not gueſs why you were ſo angry at *Fowl-brother*; till Mrs. *Whiteway*, who you find is now with me, ſaid it was for publiſhing ſome Works of yours and mine like a Rogue; which is ſo uſual to their Trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to deſire that my Mrs. *Donalſon* will let me know what I owe her, not in Juſtice but Generoſity. If you could find Wine and Victuals, I could be glad to paſs ſome part of the Summer with you, if Health would permit me; for I have ſome Club-Enemies that would be glad to ſhoot me, and I do not love to be ſhot; it is a Death I have a particular Averſion to. But I ſhall henceforth walk with Servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my Killers; however, I would have them be the Beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. *R*——, who (Money excepted) is a very honeſt Man: How is your Breathing? As to myſelf, my Life and Health

Health are not worth a Groat: How ſhall we get Wine to your Cabin? I can ſpare ſome; and am preparing Diaculum to ſave my Skin as far as *Cavan*; and even to *Belturbut*. Pray God preſerve you.

I am, &c.

Dub. May 15, 1736.
May 15, 1736.

LETTER XXIX.

To the ſame.

Dub. June 5, 1736.

YOU muſt pay your Groat (as if you had been drunk laſt Night) for this Letter, becauſe I am neither acquainted with any Frank Curr, nor the ' of Frank King. I am glad you got the Piles, becauſe it is a Mark of Health, and a ſtrong Conſtitution. I believe what you ſay of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the Right, that they are not treated according to their Merit. You never

never writ ſo regularly in your Life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *Piles*; I mean any *Piles*, except thoſe of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not ſo bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a dozen Days hence. The Room ſhall be ready for you, though I ſhall never have you in a Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times I ſhall be peſtered with you. *John R*—— (for he does not deſerve the Name of *Jack*) is gone to his ſix-miles-off Country Seat for the Summer. I admire at your Bill of 10 *l.* odd; for I thought your firſt was double: Or is it an additional one? When you ſatisfy me, I will ſend down to him with a Vengeance: Although except that damn'd Vice of Avarice, he is a very agreeable Man.—As to your Veniſon, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *Chickens*, and could *lamb* you for your *Lambs*. *Addenda quædam. My Wife a rattling; My Children tattling. My Money ſpent is, And due my Rent is. My School decreaſing, My Income ceaſing. All People teaſe me, But no Man pays me. My Worſhip is bit, By that Rogue* Niſbit. *To take the right Way, Conſult Friend* Whiteway. *Would you get ſtill more? Go flatter*

ter Kilmore. *Your Geeſe are old, Your W— a Scold. You live among ill Folks in a Dunghill. You never have an old Friend at* Cavan.—— Mrs. *Whiteway* is ever your Friend, but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My Head is ever bad; and I have juſt as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouſe. Pray do not you give yourſelf Airs of pretending to have Flies in Summer, at *Cavan*; and ſuch a *no* Summer as this: I, who am the beſt Fly-Catcher in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my Time to ſhow my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your Garden Improvements, for I know you too well. What you ſay of your Leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but Exerciſe can give) you may be ſafe with as little Fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I had your Letter juſt before this was ſeal'd; but I cannot anſwer it now.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

I Received your two Letters. The firſt is mingled with *Latin* and *Engliſh*, one following t'other: Now I ſcorn that Way, and put both Languages in one. However, for the Sake of Order, I will begin with anſwering your ſecond Letter before the firſt, becauſe it deſerves one, on account of your Preſents. From Bogs, Rivers, Mountains, Moſſes, Quag-mires, Heaths, Lakes, Kennels, Ditches, Weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.——Mrs. *Whiteway* was pleaſed, although very unjuſtly, to criticiſe upon every *Curoſity*; ſhe ſwears the Paper of Gravel was of your own voiding, as ſhe found by the Smell. That your whole Artichoak Leaf, ſhows its Mother to be ſmaller than a Nutmeg; and I confeſs you were ſomewhat unwary in expoſing it to Cenſure. Your Raſberry ſhe compared with the Head of a Corking

Corking-Pin, and the latter had the Victory. Your Currants were inviſible, and we could not diſtinguiſh the red from the black. Your Purſlane paſſed very well with me, but ſhe ſwore it was Houſe-leek. She denies your *Cavan* Fly to be genuin, but will have it, that for the Credit of your Town you would have it born there, although Mrs. *Donaldſon* confeſſes it was ſent her in a Box of brown Sugar, and dy'd as it enter'd the Gates. Mrs. *Whitewey* proceeds farther in her Malice, declaring your Naſtartium to be only a P—ſs-abed; your Beans as brown as herſelf, and of the ſame kind with what we fatten Hogs in *Leiceſterſhire*. In one Thing ſhe admires your Generoſity, that for her Sake you would ſpare a Drop or two of your Canal-Water, which by the ſpongy Bottom needs it ſo much. The only Defect of them all, were, that they wanted Colour, Sight, and Smell; yet as to the laſt, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general Fuſtineſs, which however did much reſemble that of your *Cavan* Air.

July 10, 1736.

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame.

I Received your Letter which begun with *Lings.* You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and ſixty; a Trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten Guineas for the Eleventh. Mine are all down, and only Twelve which are not yet entered in a Letter, which I will ſend you when Health permits and I have nothing elſe to do, and that may be a Twelvemonth hence, if my Diſorder will let me hold out ſo long. You were born to be happy, for you take the leaſt piece of Good-fortune chearfully. I ſuppoſe your Arithmetick is, that three Boys a Week, are a hundred and fifty-nine in the Year; and ſeven Guineas a Week are three hundred and ſixty-five *per Annum.* Can you reckon that the County, and the next, and *Dublin*, will provide you with thirty Lads in all, and good Pay,

Pay, of which a Dozen ſhall be Lodgers? Does the Cheapneſs of Things anſwer your Expectation? Have you ſent away your late younger-marry'd Daughter? and will you ſend away the other? Let me deſire you will be very regular in your Accounts; becauſe a very honeſt Friend of yours and mine, tells me, that with all your Honeſty, it is an uneaſy Thing to have any Dealings with you that relate to Accounts, by your frequent Forgetfulneſs and Confuſion: For you have no Notion of Regularity, and I do not wonder at it, conſidering the ſcattered, confuſed Manner in which you have lived. Mrs. *Whiteway* thanks you for the good Opinion you have of her, and I know ſhe always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I ſhall be able to travel. I have three other Engagements on my Hands, but the principal is to ſee the Bp. of *Oſſory*. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five Miles. I am never well. Some ſudden Turns are every Day threat'ning me with a giddy Fit; and my Affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a Scheme of living with you when the *College-Green* Club is to meet; for in theſe Times I deteſt the Town, and hearing the Follies, Corruptions, and ſlaviſh Practices of thoſe miſ-repreſentative Brutes, and

reſolve, if I can ſtir, to paſs that whole Time at *Bath* or *Cavan*. I ſay again, keep very regular Accounts, in large Books, and a fair Hand; not like me, who to ſave Paper confuſe every thing. Your Mind is honeſt, but your Memory a Knave, and therefore the *Scotch* mean the ſame Thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, ſaid I to a *Scotch* Footman, why did not you go that Errand? Becauſe I did no *mind* it, quo' *Sawny*. A curſe on theſe twenty Soldiers drumming though my Liberty twice a Day, and going to a Barrack the Government hath plac'd juſt under my Noſe. I think of a Line in *Virgil Traveſty*. *The De--l cut their yelping Weaſons.* We expect Lord *Orrery* and Biſhop *Rundle* next Week.——— This Letter was intended for laſt Poſt, but Interuptions and Horſes hinder'd it. Poor Mrs. *Acheſon* is relapſed at *Grange*, and worſe than ever; I was there yeſterday and met Dr. *H———m*, who hopes ſhe was a little better. ——— 16. Here has no body been hanged, marry'd, or dead that I hear of; Dr. *Grattan* is confined by a Boil; if you aſk him where, he will ſell you a Bargain. My chief Country-Companion now is Philoſopher *Webber*; for the *Grattans* and *Jackſons* are neither to be found

found at home or abroad, except *Robin*, who cannot ſtir a Foot.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

I Will on *Monday* (this is *Saturday*, *May* 22, as you will read below in the Date) ſend or talk to Mr. *Smith*: But I diſtruſt your Sanguinity ſo much, (by my own deſponding Temper) that I know not whether that Affair of your Juſtice-ſhip be fix'd, but I ſhall know next Week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his Clan againſt the low'ring of Gold, which is juſt a kind Settlement upon *England* of 25000 *l.* a Year for ever: Yet ſome of my Friends differ from me, though all agree that the Abſentees will be juſt ſo much Gainers. I am exceſſively glad that your Difficulty of Breathing is over; for what is Life but Breath? I mean not that of our Noſtrils, but our Lungs. You muſt, in Summer, ride every half Holy-day, and go to

Church every *Sunday* ſome Miles off. The People of *England* are copying from us to plague the Clergy, but they intend far to out-do the Original. I wiſh I were to be born next Century, when we ſhall be utterly rid of Parſons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at preſent; and until your Biſhop give you a Living, I will leave off, (except this Letter) giving you the Title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a Letter with a Witneſs, relating to his Printer of *Quadrille* (did you ever ſee it?) with which he half mined *Falkner*. He promiſes (againſt his Nature) to conſider him, but interpos'd an Exception, which I believe will deſtroy the Whole. Mrs. *Whitelaw* gives herſelf Airs of loving you, but do not truſt her too much, for ſhe grows diſobedient, and ſays ſhe is going *for* to get another Favourite. In ſhort, ſhe calls you Names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her Tongue, but calls you plain *Sheridan*, and pox take you. She is not with me now, elſe ſhe would read this in ſpight of me; and, between ourſelves, ſhe ſets up to be my Governor. I wiſh you had ſent me the Chriſtian-name of *Knatchbull*, and I would have writ to him; but I will ſee him on *Monday*, if he will be viſible. The Poem on the *Legion-Club* is ſo

altered

altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only ſaw the Original) and ſo damnably murdered, that they have added many of the Club to the *True Number.* I hear it is charged to me, with great Perſonal Threatnings from the Puppies offended. Some ſay they will wait for Revenge to their next Meeting. Others ſay, the Privy-Council will ſummon the ſuſpected Author. If I could get the true Copy I would ſend it you. Your Biſhop writes me word, that the real Author is manifeſt by the Work.——Your Loſs of Fleſh is nothing, if it be made up with Spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myſelf. I believe I ſhall ſay with *Horace*, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already ſpent.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the ſame.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a Month ago I received your laſt Letter, wherein you complain of my long Silence; what will you do when I am ſo long in Anſwering? I have one Excuſe which will ſerve for all my Friends, I am quite worn out with Diſorders of Mind and Body; a long Fit of Deafneſs, which ſtill continues, hath unqualified me for converſing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an Apprehenſion of Giddineſs, whereof I have frequently ſome frightful Touches. Beſides, I can hardly write ten Lines without twenty Blunders, as you will ſee by the Number of Scratchings and Blots before this Letter is done: Into the Bargain, I have not one Rag of Memory left; and my Friends have all forſaken me except Mrs. *Whiteway*, who preſerves ſome Pity

Pity for my Condition, and a few others who love Wine that coſts them nothing. As to my taking a Journey to *Cavan*, I am juſt as capable as of a Voyage to *China*, or of running Races at *Newmarket*. But, to ſpeak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*; *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at *Eaſter*, as you were uſed to do.—Your Muſter-Roll of Meat is good, but, of Drink in ſup Port able. Yew wann twine. My Streſs *Alba via* has eaten here all your hung Beef, and ſaid it was very good. The Affair of high Importance in their Family is, that Miſs *Molly* hath iſſued out Orders with great Penalties, to be called Mrs. *Harriſon*: which cauſeth many Speck you'll aſh owns.——I am now come to the noli me Tan Jerry, which begg Inns wyth mad Dam——So I will go on by the Strength of my own Wit upon points of the high eſt imp or taunts. I have been very curious in conſidering that fruitful Word *Ling*; which explains many fine Qualities in Ladies, ſuch as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (ſeldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puſs ling*, *buſs ling*, *ſtrow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. Theſe are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower:

They have all got cold this Winter, big Owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn Urine cap a City? Pray tell me, does the Land of *Quilca* pay any Rent? or is any paid by the Tenant? or is there not any Part of 50 *l.* to be got? But before you make Complaints of ill Payments from your School, I will declare I was never ſo ill paid as now, even by my richer Debtors. I have finiſhed my Will for the laſt Time, wherein I left ſome little Legacy, which you are not to receive till you ſhall be entirely out of my Debt, and paid all you owe me to my Executors. And I have made very honourable Mention of you in the Will, as the Conſideration of my leaving theſe Legacies to you.

Explain this Proverb. *Salt dry Fiſh, and the Wedding-gold, Is the Vice of Women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old Huncks *Shephard* has bury'd his only Son, who was a young Huncks come to Age.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as ſit amanto tellus toris affi. It is as illi geſto mi. E veri lædi is a pruta pace: Sum arſo denti i curſum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rabido cetis a miti ſolli. Ium metum at Anibal. A tu es de ſe nite ſed ito a lædi in cum pani offa delateris, præſit in mi lapſu. Dicti eamina furiatus, orto præ ventus: His cetis vel vetas ſine uſſa Hero. Hiſtrix arſo rudi cantabit en durum. Hic arſis ne ver atqui ut. Cæſi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ brevis anſer. Surſum denis agrum, agros, arus colli, us auſi, an empti, an das curvi Teri. A pacteris ſat at ſuperbius, ſed ito Dic; Serra, erugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as Lapithæ belli: I promiſſu as ſuras urina gaudi coti intendit; ſori de teſta vi olent parti rogas mi en emi. As ſuras veni ſonis ſit fora paſti. Ima doni ſe; ſur ab ovæ ad rumor, ora piper, ora caper in ſartor.

Sed ito an ebur nec ſto miſi de; Ago, arundo formica ne, lætabo beat mi merci. I ſeda punis mi de lite ora cupa claret; an Di cæſo fore ver. Alludo dic iſto callus aras calido deni it. Dic ſedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para Bootes? ora nupera ſues? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri ſcilicet o puppis: iras callum tuenti times a de. Dic ſed, i amabo; i ſedi deteſtabo, i findit: cantu curabo? Prædixit an do tellus ſum tales. Cannibal a ſudo? Olet Serapis in ure Bootes: Olet bircum. A curu artis apparent. As fine as ure cotis, itis at Græci aſſa candelis; nota ſum tuus habet ferabo. Aitas tu ſed; Serra dicti, ſenſu arſo rude tomis ter deni ſe, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ ſe Doctor, muſti viſit mi par ſonas i intendit? I deſinit a tu es de nite nec ſtat his labora tori; an de at mi ſuperaturus.

Itis ah ova forte nite ago ſinceri ritu notis offa deſine tomus ter almi tori parti at ſuper. Se, muſti bipes forum, orno? An ebur omine has ſum veri fine ſtipes; I præ ubi ſumto fata porcas i intendat ſum time fora meri Es ter, orat Criſta nas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea bellet alpha quater offa miles di ſtans.

Sed

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno? Heris anſer; O, as feras ab lac amore, aſſuetas Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a marina rodis.

Præbe ſpecus a ſatur de nec ſtat ſuperaturus: Ime beaturus Tori rori, as meri aſſa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru ſtola ſatur de. Udi diti ſe, an das ſuras agunto, it iſtos hamus. Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deſervit. Atlas tu me ſufferat a gallus fora robur. Itis veri es ito paca juri. Cani ſe imas Indis Creta manas ubi? I cano. Præ ſurdo me juſtis. Sed ito dixit quietas alam. Senſu arſo pertica nata ni time triumpho vera prætor; itis notat alto me. I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is ſolaminis legas, i cantu ſim inani errant.

Seras de lite iſto ſtat ter. Afflat error is redito puta nos inani ars. Sera ſedi, pullus ſum fruitor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire aliment a civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as longa timeas ire membra jumento ſume fora det: At ipſi rogata poto vale: Uno Io nomen agro at. I meta non eſt at urnæ, a foto mi en emi; an di pedit in hiſco in.

Sinci-

Sinciput Eumenides age in a furi, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen ſit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as fine aſſis inani citi. Ure caris in ope notabit fuſti. Aduncis mi de lite, juſtas a paratis ures, I herum, I en cur age, an di ſecundum in almi follis, fora de orſo.

Tomi ad viſu toris toriſque nota peni inani Hanno veri an intereſt. Arma geſti Caro linæ bas no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera Bootes.

Miſer vi ceto ure datur An. præ rem embrio bera peni. I ſum times caſtas ipſi ater. Imit ierat urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite.

Ures.

LETTER XXXV.

To Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR,

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the Grape's Juice ſick:
I'm ſo full of Pity, I never abuſe Sick;

And

And the patienteſt Patient that ever you knew ſick;
Both when I am Purge-ſick, and when I am Spew-ſick.
I pitied my Cat, whom I knew by her Mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's a new ſick.
Captain *Butler* made ſome in the Church black and blue ſick;
Dean *Croſs*, had he preach'd, would have made us all Pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a Crowd, when you ſweat and you ſtew, ſick?
Lady *Santry* got out of the Church when ſhe grew ſick,
And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the Deanery flew ſick.
Miſs *Morice* was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous Crew ſick?
Such Muſick would make a Fanatick or Jew ſick:
Yet, Ladies are ſeldom at *Ombre*, or *Lue* ſick;
Nor is old * *Nanny Shales*, whene'er ſhe does brew, ſick.
My Footman came home from the Church, of a Bruiſe ſick,

* Vide *Grattan. inter Belcamp et Clenſhoh.*

Poor

And look'd like a Rake, who was made in the Stews ſick;
But you learned Doctors can make whom you chuſe ſick.
Poor I myſelf I was, when I withdrew, ſick,
For the Smell of them made me like Garlick and Rue ſick.
And I got thro' the Crowd, tho' not led by a Clew, ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your Cue) ſick;
But, there were not a Dozen (to give 'em their Due) ſick,
And thoſe to be ſure, ſtuck together like Glew, ſick.
So are Ladies in Crowds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale Hue, ſick;
So am I, when Tobacco, like *Robin*, I chew, ſick.

Nov. 23. at Night,
1731.

To

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at Night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor
Muſe ſick.
This Night I came home with a very cold
Dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an A-gue ſick;
But, I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a
Shrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſcue, ſick.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the ſame.

SIR,

PRAY diſcruciate what follows:

The dulleſt Beaſt, and Gentleman's Liquor,
When young is often due to the Vicar.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and Swine's Delight
Make up a Bird very ſwift of Flight.

The dulleſt Beaſt when high in Stature,
Add another of royal Nature,
For breeding is a uſeful Creature.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and a Party diſtreſt,
When too long, is bad at beſt.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and the Saddle it wears,
Is good for Partridge, not for Hares.

The dulleſt Beaſt and kind Voice of a Cat,
Will make a Horſe go, though he be not fat.

The dulleſt of Beaſts and of Birds in the Air,
Is that by which all *Iriſhmen* ſwear.

The dulleſt Beaſt and fam'd College for *Teagues*
Is a Perſon very unfit for Intrigues.

The dulleſt Beaſt and a Cobler's Tool,
With a Boy that is only fit for School,
In Summer is very pleaſant and cool.

The

The dulleſt Beaſt, and that which you kiſs,
May break a Limb of Maſter or Miſs.

Of Serpent-Kind, and what at diſtance kills,
Poor Miſs *Dingley* oft hath felt its Bills.

The dulleſt Beaſt and Eggs unſound,
Without it I rather would walk on the Ground.

The dulleſt Beaſt and what covers a Houſe,
Without it a Writer is not worth a Louſe.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and ſcandalous Vermin
Of roaſt or boil'd, to the Hungry is charming.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and what's cover'd with Cruſt,
There's nobody but a Fool that would truſt.

The dulleſt Beaſt mending Highways,
Is to a Horſe an evil Diſeaſe.

The dulleſt Beaſt and a Hole in the Ground,
Will dreſs a Dinner worth five Pound.

The dulleſt Beaſt, and what Doctors pretend
The Cook-maid often has by the End.

The dulleſt Beaſt and Fiſh for Lent
May give you a Blow you'll forever repent.

The dulleſt Beaſt and a ſhameful Jeer,
Without it a Lady ſhould never appear.

Wedneſday Night.

I writ all theſe before I went to Bed. Pray explain them for me, becauſe I cannot do it.

The Blunders, Deficiencies, Diſtreſſes, and Misfortunes of QUILCA.

Propos'd to contain One and Twenty Volumes in Quarto. Begun April 20, 1724. *To be continu'd Weekly, if due Encouragement be given.*

BUT one Lock and a half in the whole Houſe.

The Key of the Garden Door loſt.

The

The empty Bottles all uncleanable.

The Veſſels for Drink few and leaky.

The new Houſe all going to Ruin before it is finiſhed.

One Hinge of the Street-Door broke off, and the People forc'd to go out and come in at the Back-Door.

The Door of the Dean's Bed-Chamber full of large Chinks.

The Beaufet letting in ſo much Wind that it almoſt blows out the Candles.

The Dean's Bed threatn'ning every Night to fall under him.

The little Table looſe and broken in the Joints.

The Paſſages open over Head, by which the Cats paſs continually into the Cellar and eat the Victuals, for which one was try'd, condemn'd, and executed by the Sword.

The large Table in a very tottering Condition.

But one Chair in the Houſe fit for ſitting on, and that in a very ill State of Health.

The Kitchen perpetually crouded with Savages.

Not a Bit of Mutton to be had in the Country.

Want of Beds, and a Mutiny thereupon among the Servants, till ſupply'd from *Kells*.

An egregious Want of all the moſt common neceſſary Utenſils.

Not a Bit of Turf this cold Weather, and Mrs. *Johnſon* and the Dean in Perſon, with all their Servants, forc'd to aſſiſt at the Bog in gathering up the wet Bottoms of old Clamps.

The Grate in the Ladies Bed-chamber broke, and forc'd to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without Fire, the Chimney ſmoaking intolerably, and the Dean's great Coat was employ'd to ſtop the Wind from coming down the Chimney, without which Expedient they muſt have been ſtarv'd to Death.

A Meſſenger ſent a Mile to borrow an old broken Tun-diſh.

Bottles ſtopt with bits of Wood and Tow, inſtead of Corks.

Not one Utenſil for a Fire, except an old pair of Tongs, which travels through the Houſe, and is likewiſe employ'd to take the Meat out of the Pot, for want of a Fleſh-Fork.

Every Servant an errant Thief as to Victuals and Drink, and every Comer and Goer as errant a Thief of every Thing he or ſhe can lay their Hands on.

The

The Spit blunted with poking into Bogs for Timber, and tears the Meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fœminam: Or a Kitchen War between Nurſe and a naſty Crew of both Sexes; ſhe to preſerve Order and Cleanlineſs, they to deſtroy both; and they generally are Conquerors.

April 28. This Morning the great Fore-door quite open, dancing backwards with all its Weight upon the lower Hinge, which muſt have been broke if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great Hole in the Floor of the Ladies Chamber, every Hour hazarding a broken Leg.

Two damnable iron Spikes erect on the Dean's Bedſtead, by which he is in danger of a broken Shin at riſing and going to Bed.

The Ladies and Dean's Servants growing faſt into the Manners and Thieveries of the Natives; the Ladies themſelves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually ſtorming, and in danger either of loſing all his Fleſh, or ſinking into Barbarity for the Sake of Peace.

Mrs. *Dingley* full of Cares for herſelf, and Blunders and Negligence for her Friends. Mrs. *Johnſon* ſick and helpleſs. The Dean deaf and

fretting; the Lady's Maid aukward and clumsy; *Robert* lazy and forgetful; *William* a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited Puppy; *Robin* and Nurſe the two great and only Supports of the Family.

Bellum lactæum: Or the milky Battle, fought between the Dean and the Crew of *Quilca*; the latter inſiſting on their Privilege of not milking till Eleven in the Forenoon; whereas Mrs. *Johnſon* wanted Milk at Eight for her Health. In this Battle the Dean got the Victory; but the Crew of *Quilca* begin to rebel again, for it is this Day almoſt ten o' Clock, and Mrs. *Johnſon* hath not got her Milk.

A Proverb on the Lazineſs and Lodgings of the Servants: *The worſe their Stye, the longer they lie.*

Two great Holes in the Wall of the Ladies Bed-chamber, juſt at the Back of the Bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. *Johnſon*'s Pillow, either of which would blow out a Candle in the calmeſt Day.

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A Cha-

A Character of P——te M——H.

M——— has the Reputation of moſt profound and univerſal Learning; this is the general Opinion, neither can it be eaſily diſproved. An old ruſty Iron-Cheſt in a Banker's Shop, ſtrongly lockt, and wonderful heavy, is full of Gold; this is the general Opinion, neither can it be diſproved, provided the Key be loſt, and what is in it be wedged ſo cloſe that it will not by any Motion diſcover the Metal by the Chinking. Doing good is his Pleaſure; and as no Man conſults another in his Pleaſures, neither does he in this; by his Aukwardneſs and Unadviſedneſs diſappointing his own good Deſigns. His high Station hath plac'd him in the Way of great Employments, which, without the leaſt poliſhing his native Ruſticity, have given him a Tincture of Pride and Ambition. But theſe Vices would have paſs'd conceal'd

conceal'd under his natural Simplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by Art. His Diſpoſition to Study is the very ſame with that of an Uſurer to hoard up Money, or of a vicious young Fellow to a Wench: Nothing but Avarice and evil Concupiſcence, to which his Conſtitution has fortunately given a more innocent Turn. He is ſordid and ſuſpicious in his Domeſticks, without Love or Hatred; which is but reaſonable, ſince he has neither Friend nor Enemy; without Joy or Grief; in ſhort, without all Paſſions but Fear, to which of all others he has leaſt Temptation, having nothing to get or to loſe; no Poſterity, Relation, or Friend to be ſolicitous about; and placed by his Station above the Reach of Fortune or Envy. He hath found out the Secret of preferring Men without deſerving their Thanks; and where he diſpenſes his Favours to Perſons of Merit, they are leſs obliged to him than to Fortune. He is the firſt of human Race, that with great Advantages of Learning, Piety, and Station, ever eſcaped being a great Man. That which reliſhes beſt with him, is mixt Liquor and mixt Company, and he is ſeldom unprovided with very bad of both.

He is ſo wiſe to value his own Health more than other Men's Noſes, ſo that the more honourable Place at his Table is much the worſt, eſpecially in Summer. It has been affirmed that originally he was not altogether devoid of Wit, till it was extruded from his Head to make room for other Men's Thoughts. He will admit a Governor, provided it be one who is very Officious and Diligent, outwardly Pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the moſt of his Fear. No Man will be either glad or ſorry at his Death, except his Succeſſor.

THE

Duty of Servants at Inns.

BE mounted before your Maſter. When you ſee him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at Noon, enter the Inn-Gate before him, and call the Oſtler to hold your Maſter's Horſe while he alights. Leave your Maſter to the Servants of the Inn; go you with the Horſes into the Stable; chuſe a Place fartheſt from the Stable-Door; ſee the Standing be dry; ſend immediately for freſh Straw; ſee all the old Hay out of the Rack, and get freſh put in; ſee your Horſes Girths be looſed and ſtuffed; take not off the Bridle till they are cool, nor Saddles in an Hour; ſee their Hoofs

* *This ſeems to be part of a Work mentioned by* Swift *in one of his Letters to* Pope, *which was to have given Rules to all ſorts of Servants from the higheſt to the loweſt.*

be

be well pick'd; try if the Heads of the Nails be faſt, and whether they be well clinched, if not, ſend preſently for a Smith; always ſtand by while the Smith is employed. Give the Oats the laſt thing. Water your Horſes when you are within a Mile or more of the Inn. Never keep above forty Yards before or behind your Maſter, unleſs he commands you. Try the Oats by ſmelling and weighing them; ſee you have good Meaſure; ſtand by while your Horſes are eating their Oats. When you enter your Evening-Inn, let your Horſes Feet be ſtufft with Cow-Dung every Night.

Obſerve the ſame Rules, only be ſure if any thing be wanting for a Smith, let it be done over Night.

Know the Time your Maſter will ſet out in the Morning: Allow him a full Hour to get himſelf ready. Contrive both at Morn and Noon to eat, ſo that your Maſter need not ſtay for you. Do not let the Drawer carry the Bill to your Maſter, but examine it firſt carefully and honeſtly, and then bring it yourſelf, and be able to account for every Article. If the Servants have not been civil, tell your Maſter before their Faces, when he is going to give them Money.

Duty

Duty of the other Servant, where there are two.

Ride forty Yards behind your Maſter, but be mounted before him. Obſerve now and then whether his Horſe's Shoes be right. When you come to an Inn at Noon, give your Horſe to the Oſtler; beſtir yourſelf to get a convenient Room for your Maſter; bring all his Things into his Room, full in his Sight; enquire what is in the Houſe, ſee it yourſelf, and tell your Maſter how you like it. Step yourſelf now and then into the Kitchen to haſten Dinner or Supper, and obſerve whether they be cleanly. Taſte the Ale, and tell your Maſter whether it be good or bad. If he wants Wine, go you with the Drawer and chuſe a Bottle well fill'd and ſtop'd: If the Wine be in Hogſheads, deſire to taſte and ſmell it; if it be ſour, or not clear, or ill-taſted, let your Maſter know it, that he may not be at the Charge of Wine not fit to be drunk. See the Salt be dry and powdered, the Bread new and clean, the Knives ſharp. At Night obſerve the ſame Rules: But firſt chuſe him a warm Room, with a Lock and Key in order, then call immediately for the Sheets, ſee them well aired and at a large Fire; feel the Blankets, Bed, Bolſter, Pillow,

Pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the Floor under the Bed be damp. Let the Chamber be that which hath been laſt lain in; enquire about it. If the Bed itſelf be damp, let it be brought before a large Fire, and air it on both Sides. That you may forget nothing in the Inn, have a fair Liſt of all that you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare with your Liſt.

You are to ſtep now and then into the Stable to ſee whether the Groom performs his Duty.

For packing up your Things, have a Liſt of Linen, &c. In packing take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in Paper or Towels. Have a large Proviſion of large coarſe Paper, and other waſte Paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper Places in the Portmanteau. Stuff the Shoes and Slippers at the Toes with a ſmall Lock of Hay; fold up the Cloaths ſo as that they may not be rumpled. When your Maſter is in his Room at Night, put all his Things in ſuch a Manner as he has them at home. Learn to have ſome Skill in Cookery, that at a Pinch you may be able to make your Maſter eaſy.

The

The Groom. Carry with you a Stirrup-Leather, an Awl, twelve Horſe Nails, and a Horſe's Fore-Shoes, Pick and an Hammer, for fear of an Accident; and ſome Ends, and Pack-Thread, a Bottle-ſkrew, Knife and Pen-knife, Needles, Pins, Thread, Silk, Worſted, &c. Some Plaiſters and Sciſſars.

Item, the Servants to carry their own Things. Have a Pocket-Book, keep all the Bills, date the Time and Place; and endorſe the Numbers.

Enquire in every Town if there be any thing worth ſeeing. Obſerve the Country-Seats, and aſk who they belong to; and enter them, and the Counties where they are.

Search under your Maſter's Bed when he is gone up, leſt a Cat or ſomething elſe may be under it.

When your Maſter's Bed is made, and his Things ready, lock the Chamber-Door, and keep the Key till he goes to Bed; then keep it in your Pocket till Morn.

Let the Servants of the Inn be ſure to wake you above an Hour before your Maſter is to go, that he may have an Hour to prepare himſelf.

If the Oſtler hath been Knaviſh or Negligent, do not let him hold your Maſter's Horſe.

Obſerve

Obſerve the ſame Rule at a Gentleman's Houſe; if the Groom hath not taken Care of your Horſes, do not let him hold your Maſter's.

Enquire at every Inn where you ſtay, what is the beſt Inn in the next Town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewiſe as you enter into any Town to ſtay, aſk the People which is the beſt Inn, and go to that which moſt People commend.

See that your Maſter's Boots be dried and well liquored over Night.

ODE to the Athenian Society.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

AS when the Deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty Ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge Body's Moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital Heat)
That Mountain which was higheſt firſt of all
Appear'd, above the univerſal Main,
To bleſs the primitive Sailor's weary Sight;
And 'twas perhaps *Parnaſſus*, if in Height
It be as great as 'tis in Fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its Name:
So after th' Inundation of a War,
When Learning's little Houſhold did embark
With her World's fruitful Syſtem in her ſacred Ark,
At the firſt Ebb of Noiſe and Fears,
Philoſophy's exalted Head appears:
And the Dove-Muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver Wings, and flies away;

And

And now a Laurel Wreath ſhe brings
from far,
To crown the happy Conqueror,
To ſhew the Flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear Reward of Victory and
Peace.

II.

The eager Muſe took Wing upon the Waves
decline,
When War her cloudy Aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright Sun of Peace began to
ſhine,
And for a while in heav'nly Contemplation ſat
On the high Top of peaceful *Ararat*;
And pluck'd a Laurel Branch (for Laurel was
the firſt that grew,
The firſt of Plants after the Thunder, Storm,
and Rain)
And thence with joyful, nimble Wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble * Chaplet for the King,
And the Dove-Muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the Victory, yet frighted at the War)
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing Shore:

* *The Ode I writ to the King in* Ireland.

No ſooner does ſhe land
On the delightful Strand,
Then ſtrait ſhe ſees the Country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd e'erwhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry Vales, with fruitful
Gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant Wood;
As if the univerſal *Nile*
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of Paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the Flood,
Long wandring thro' the Deep, as we are
told
Fam'd *Delos* did of old,
And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter Birth-place for the God of Wit,
Or the much-talk'd Oracular Grove;
When with amazing Joy ſhe hears
An unknown Muſick all around,
Charming her greedy Ears
With many a heavenly Song
Of Nature and of Art, of deep Philoſophy
and Love,
Whilſt Angels tune the Voice, and God inſpires
the Tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty Sound,

In

In vain purſues the Muſick with her longing
Eye,
And courts the wanton Echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great Unknown, and far-exalted
Men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful Pen;
Forgive a young, and (almoſt) Virgin-Muſe,
Whom blind and eager Curioſity
(Yet Curioſity they ſay,
Is in her Sex a Crime needs no Excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth Way
After a mighty Light that leads her wandring
Eye:
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow Path of
Senſe
For a dear Ramble thro' Impertinence;
Impertinence, the Scurvy of Mankind.
And all we Fools, who are the greater Part
of it,
Tho' we be of two different Factions ſtill,
Both the Good-natur'd and the Ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look you'll always find
We join like Flys, and Waſps, in buzzing
about Wit.

In me, who am of the firſt Sect of theſe,
All merit that tranſcends the humble Rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty Senſe,
Begets a kinder Folly and Impertinence
Of Admiration and of Praiſe.
And our good Brethren of the Surly Sect
Muſt e'en all herd us with their Kindred Fools:
For tho' poſſeſs'd of preſent Vogue they've made
Railing a Rule of Wit, and Obloquy a Trade;
Yet the ſame Want of Brains produces each Effect:
And you whom Pluto's Helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs Croud,
Like the fam'd Hero in his Mother's Cloud,
Who both our Follies and Impertinencies ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But Cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic Mark of the Elect,
The publick Stamp Heav'n ſets on all that's Great and Good,
Our ſhallow Search and Judgment to direct.

The

The War methinks has made
Our Wit and Learning narrow as our Trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far, to buy
A Stock of Wiſdom and Philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at Home in fear
Of ev'ry cenſuring Privateer;
Forcing a wretched Trade by beating down the Sale,
And ſelling baſely by Retail.
The Wits, I mean the Atheiſts of the Age,
Who fain would rule the Pulpit, as they do the Stage;
Wondrous Refiners of Philoſophy,
Of Morals and Divinity,
By the new Modiſh Syſtem of reducing all to Senſe,
Againſt all Logick and concluding Laws,
Do own th' Effects of Providence,
And yet deny the Cauſe.

V.

This hopeful Sect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt Force,
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing What, or Where, or Who you be,
Will quickly take another Courſe:

And by their never-failing Ways
Of ſolving all Appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient Methods fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be Men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave Anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond Miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous Wit,
And think, alas, to be by Mortals writ,
Is but a Crowd of Atoms juſtling in a Heap,
Which from Eternal Seeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand Years till ripen'd by the Sun;
They're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the Womb of Earth a Field of Corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my Weakneſs and my Ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs
That

That this new, noble and delightful Scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted Men,
Who have well ſtudied in the World's Diſeaſe,
(That Epidemick Error and Depravity,
Or in our Judgment or our Eye)
That what ſurprizes us can only pleaſe:
We often ſearch contentedly the whole World round,
To make ſome great Diſcovery,
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty *Nile* has ſuffer'd in its Fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable Head
That feeds the huge unequal Stream.
Conſider Human Folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the Praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' Impertinence of being known;
Elſe why ſhou'd the fam'd *Lydian* King,
Whom all the Charms of an uſurped Wife and State,
With all that Power unfelt, courts Mankind to be Great,
Did with new unexperienc'd Glories wait,
Still wear, ſtill doat on his inviſible Ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular Thought of
Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t'imagine right
As to paint *Echo* to the Sight;
I would not draw th' Idea from an empty Name:
Becauſe, alas, when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant Poſterity,
Altho' they praiſe the Learning and the
Wit,
And tho' the Title ſeems to ſhew
The Name and Man by whom the Book
was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know
Whether that very Name was He, or You, or I?
Leſs ſhould I dawb it o'er with tranſitory Praiſe,
And Water-Colours of theſe Days:
Theſe Days! where e'en th' Extravagance of
Poetry
Is at a loſs for Figures to expreſs
Mens Folly, Whimſies, and Inconſtancy,
And by a faint Deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us what is Fame, where ſhall we
ſearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion ſit
Enthron'd with Heav'nly Wit,

Look

Look where you ſee
The greateſt Scorn of learned Vanity,
(And then how much a Nothing is Mankind!
Whoſe Reaſon is weigh'd down by popular Air,
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling Death,
And hopes to lengthen Life by a Transfuſion of Breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an Art as vain as bottling up of Wind:)
And when you find out theſe, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all Reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great Unknown, is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling Sea-God, when by Chance trepan'd
By ſome inſtructed Querift ſleeping on the Sand,
Impatient of all Anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing Brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native Sea,
Vext at their Follies, murmur'd in his Stream;
But diſappointed of his fond Deſire,
Would vaniſh in a Pyramid of Fire.

This

This ſurly, ſlipp'ry God, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his Eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of Shapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy Mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to Water, Flame, and Air,
So well you anſwer all Phenomena's there:
Tho' Madmen and the Wits, Philoſophers and Fools,
With all that factious, or enthuſiaſtick Dotards dream,
And all the incoherent Jargon of the Schools;
Tho' all the Fumes of Fear, Hope, Love, and Shame,
Contrive to ſhock your Minds with many a ſenſeleſs Doubt;
Doubts where the *Delphick* God would grope in Ignorance and Night,
The God of Learning and of Light,
Would want a* God himſelf to help him out.

IX.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful Taſte
Of Doubts, Impertinence, and Niceties,

* Qui Deus incidit.

From

From every Age thro' which it paſs'd,
But always with a ſtronger Reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous Queen, by Heav'n deſign'd
To be the great Original
For Man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly Mind,
In what Mock-Habits have they put her ſince the Fall!
More oft in Fools and Madmens Hands than Sages,
She ſeems a Medley of all Ages,
With a huge Fardingal to ſwell her ſuſtian Stuff,
A new Commode, a Top-knot and a Ruff,
Her Face patch'd o'er with modern Pedantry,
With a long ſweeping Train
Of Comments and Diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old Cut with a new Die:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her Charms!
And rid her of her Lumber and her Books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great,
How fond we are to court her to our Arms!
How much of Heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft blinds me to her
Ways,
And ev'n my very Thoughts transfers
And changes all to Beauty, and the Praiſe
Of that proud Tyrant Sex of Hers.
The Rebel Muſe, alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious Heart,
And you with fatal and immortal Wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy Fire.
Cruel Unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah could you, could you hope a Poet for your
Friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt Tranſport ſaid:
May all the Blood, which ſhall by Woman's
Scorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you, and on your Childrens
Head;
For you (Ah, did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal Time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their Pride and Cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all Vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great Unknown
Platonick Champions, gain'd without one fe-
male Wile,
Or the vaſt Charges of a Smile;

Which

Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous Wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the Conſcience to weigh
In the ſame Balance with our Tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty Wages pay
The Bondage and the Slavery of Years.
Let the vain Sex dream on, their Empire comes from us,
And had they common Generoſity
They would not uſe us thus.
Well——tho' you've rais'd her to this high Degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And ſpight of all that they or you can do,
'Tis Pride and Happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted Sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting, and how vain,
Is even the nobler Man, our Learning and our Wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing an unhappy Scene
Of ſome great King and Conqu'ror's Death,

When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt Breath.
I grieve, this noble Work ſo happily begun,
So quickly, and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to Intereſt, Folly and Abuſe.
There is a Noon-Tide in our Lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Altho' we boaſt our Winter-Sun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy
Night.
No Conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty Hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a Succeſſor or a Son;
It loſt ſome mighty Pieces thro' all Hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty Title in the laſt.
For when the animating Mind is fled,
(Which Nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The Body, tho' Gigantick, lies all cold and
dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy Men ſhall dare
To be Succeſſors to theſe Great Unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd Throne.

Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs Nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with *Gothick* Swarms come forth
From Ignorance's univerſal North,
And with blind Rage break all this peaceful Government:
Yet ſhall theſe Traces of your Wit remain,
Like a juſt Map, to tell the vaſt Extent
Of Conqueſt in your ſhort and happy Reign;
And to all future Mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a Paradox is true,
That Men, who liv'd and dy'd without a Name,
Are the chief Heroes in the ſacred Liſt of Fame.

O D E

To the Hon^ble Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at *Moorpark*, *June* 1689.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all Monarchies,
Till its firſt Emperor rebellious Man
Depos'd from off his Seat
It fell, and broke with its own Weight
Into ſmall States and Principalities,
By many a petty Lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle Breaſt.
'Tis you who muſt this Land ſubdue,
The mighty Conqueſt's left for you,
The Conqueſt and Diſcovery too:
Search out this *Utopian* Ground,
Virtue's *Terra Incognita*,
Where none ever led the Way,
Nor ever ſince but in Deſcriptions found,
Like the Philoſopher's Stone,
With Rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II. We

II.

We have too long been led aſtray,
Too long have our miſguided Souls been taught
With Rules from muſty Morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the Way;
Let us (for ſhame) no more be fed
With antique Reliques of the Dead,
The Gleanings of Philoſophy,
Philoſophy! the Lumber of the Schools,
The Roguery of Alchymy,
And we the bubbled Fools
Spend all our preſent Stock in hopes of golden Rules.

III.

But what does our proud Ign'rance Learning call,
We odly *Plato*'s Paradox make good,
Our Knowledge is but mere Remembrance all,
Remembrance is our Treaſure and our Food;
Nature's fair Table-book our tender Souls
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty Rules,
Stale Memorandums of the Schools;
For Learning's mighty Treaſures look
In that deep Grave a Book,
Think ſhe there does all her Treaſures hide,
And that her troubled Ghoſt ſtill haunts there
ſince ſhe dy'd;

Confine her Walks to Colleges and Schools,
Her Prieſts, her Train and Followers ſhow
As if they all were Spectres too,
They purchaſe Knowledge at the Expence
Of common Breeding, common Senſe,
And at once grow Scholars and Fools;
Affect ill-manner'd Pedantry,
Rudeneſs, Ill-nature, Incivility,
And ſick with Dregs of Knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up and nauſeate Company.

IV.

Curſt be the Wretch, nay doubly curſt,
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt Enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that Hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That Knowledge forfeits all Humanity;
Taught us, like *Spaniards*, to be proud and poor,
And fling our Scraps before our Door.
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this gen'ral Peſt;
Thoſe mighty Epithets, Learn'd, Good, and Great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in Romances meet,

We

We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one,
I muſt, like him that painted *Venus'* Face,
Borrow from every one a Grace;
Virgil and *Epicurus* will not do,
Their courting a Retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in *Cæſar*'s Learning too,
Your happy Frame at once controuls
This great triumvirate of Souls.

V.

Let not old *Rome* boaſt *Fabius*'s Fate,
He ſav'd his Country by Delays,
But you by Peace,
You bought it at a cheaper Rate;
Nor has it left the uſual bloody Scar,
To ſhew it coſt its Price in War,
War! that mad Game, the World ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For though with Loſs or Victory awhile
Fortune the Gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the Box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the Laurel got by Peace
No Thunder e'er can blaſt,
Th'Artillery of the Skies
Shoots to the Earth and dies;
Forever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in Blood, nor Widow's Tears, nor Orphan's Cries:
About the Head crown'd with theſe Bays,
Like Lambent Fire the Lightning plays;
Nor its triumphal Cavalcade to grace
Make up its ſolemn Train with Death;
It melts the Sword of War, yet keeps it in the Sheath.

VII.

The wily Shifts of State, thoſe Juggler's Tricks
Which we call deep Deſign and Politicks,
(As in a Theatre the Ignorant Fry,
Becauſe the Cords eſcape their Eye
Wonder to ſee the Motions fly)
Methinks, when you expoſe the Scene,
Down the ill-organ'd Engines fall;
Off fly the Vizards and diſcover all,
How plain I ſee thro' the Deceit!
How ſhallow! and how groſs the Cheat!

Look

Look where the Pully's ty'd above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor Engines move
The Thoughts of Monarchs, and Deſigns of States,
What petty Motives rule their Fates!
How the Mouſe makes the mighty Mountain ſhake!
The mighty Mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighted Peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of Prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantick Son of Earth;
Lo, it appears!
See, how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little Beaſt, and mocks their idle Fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite Muſe)
What Serpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in Palaces and Courts,
Take thy unwonted Flight,
And on the Terras light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her Head,
And rolls about her dreadful Eyes,
To drive all Virtue out, or look it dead!

'Twas ſure this Baſiliſk ſent *Temple* thence,
And tho' as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their Defence
Have worn a Caſement o'er their Skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of Virtue and tranſparent Innocence:
And tho' he oft renew'd the Fight,
And almoſt got priority of Sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
(In pieces cut, the Viper ſtill did reunite)
Till at laſt tir'd with loſs of Time and Eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as Country Peace.

IX.

Sing (belov'd Muſe) the Pleaſures of Retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd Virgin Strain
Shew the Delights thy Siſter Nature yields,
Sing of thy Vales, ſing of thy Woods, ſing of thy Fields;
Go publiſh o'er the Plain
How mighty a Proſelyte you gain!
How noble a Repriſal on the Great!
How is the Muſe luxuriant grown,
Whene'er ſhe takes this Flight
She ſoars clear out of ſight,
Theſe are the Paradiſes of her own;
(The Pegaſus, like an unruly Horſe
Tho' ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd Paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual Courſe.)

Wake from thy wanton Dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd Streams,
The crooked Paths of wandering *Thames*.
Fain the fair Nymph would ſtay,
Oft ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainſt her Fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many Windings down,
As loth to ſee the hated Court and Town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy Scene
Are nobler Subjects for your learned Pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your Predeceſſor, *Adam*, knew;
Whatever moves our Wonder or our Sport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent Emblems of the Court;
(How that which we a Kernel ſee,
Whoſe well-compacted Forms eſcape the Light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt Rays of Sight)
Shall e'er long grow into a Tree,
Whence takes it its Increaſe, and whence its Birth,
Or from the Sun, or from the Air, or from the Earth,

Where

Where all the fruitful Atoms lye,
How ſome go downward to the Root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the Leaves, the Branches, and the Fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren Court in vain,
Your Garden's better worth your noble Pain,
Hence Mankind fell, and here muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a Spirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame Mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her Elder Sons the whole Eſtate?
And all her Jewels and her Plate,
Poor we *Cadets* of Heav'n, not worth her Care,
Take up at beſt with Lumber and the Leavings of a Fate:
Some ſhe binds 'Prentice to the Spade,
Some to the Drudgery of a Trade,
Some ſhe does to *Egyptian* Bondage draw,
Bids us make Bricks, yet ſends us to look out for Straw;
Some ſhe condemns for Life to try
To dig the leaden Mines of deep Philoſophy:
Me ſhe has to the Muſe's Gallies ty'd,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious Main,

In

In vain I tug and pull the Oar,
And when I almoſt reach the Shore
rait the Muſe turns the Helm, and I launch
out again;
And yet to feed my Pride,
hene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining
Breath,
ith Promiſe of a mad Reverſion after Death.

XII.

Then (Sir,) accept this worthleſs Verſe,
The Tribute of an humble Muſe,
is all the Portion of my niggard Stars;
ature the hidden Spark did at my Birth infuſe,
nd kindled firſt with Indolence and Eaſe,
And ſince too oft debauch'd by Praiſe,
is now grown an incurable Diſeaſe:
vain to quench this fooliſh Fire I try
In Wiſdom and Philoſophy;
In vain all wholſome Herbs I ſow,
Where nought but Weeds will grow,
hate'er I plant (like Corn on barren Earth)
By an equivocal Birth
Seeds and runs up to Poetry.

On DAN JACKSON's *Picture cut in Paper.*

TO fair Lady *Betty Dan*, ſat for his Picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he piqu'd her.
He knew ſhe'd no Pencil or Colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady, then whips up her Sciſſar,
And cuts out his Coxcomb in Silk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with Attention, and ſaw with Surprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his Chin, how ſhe hollow'd his Eyes,
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret Conceit,
That his thin leathern Jaws all her Art would defeat.
Lady *Betty* obſerv'd it, then pulls out a Pin,
And varies the Grain of the Stuff to his Grin;
And to make roaſted Silk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a Thread to the jett of his Jaw-bone,

Till

Till at length, in exacteſt Proportion he roſe,
From the Crown of his Head to the Arch of his Noſe.
And if Lady *Betty* had drawn him with Wig and all,
'Tis certain the Copy had out-done the Original.

Well, that's but my Outſide, ſays *Dan* with a Vapour.
Say you ſo? ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with Paper.

P—— D—— *Sculpſit.*

Another.

CLARISSA draws her Sciſſars from their Caſe,
To Draw the Lines of poor *D—n J——n*'s Face.
One ſloping Cut made Forehead, Noſe, and Chin,
A Nick produc'd a Mouth and made him grin,
Such as in Taylors Meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his Grimalkin Eyes,
For which grey Worſted-Stocking Paint ſupplies.

Th'

Th' unravell'd Thread thro' Needle's Eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſt-board Head.
How came the Sciſſars to be thus out-done?
The Needle had an Eye, and they had none.
O wondrous Force of Art! now look at *Dan*—
You'd ſwear the Paſt-board was the better Man.
The Dev'l, ſays he, the Head is not ſo full—
Indeed it is, behold the Paper Skull.

THO. S——p *Sculp.*

Another.

DAN's evil Genius in a Trice
Had ſtrip'd him of his Coin at Dice;
Chloe obſerving this Diſgrace
On *Pam* cut out his rueful Face.
By G—, ſays *Dan*, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at Dice, cut out at Card!

G. R——D *Sculp.*

On

On the foregoing Picture.

WHILST you three merry Poets traffick
To give us a Deſcription graphick
Of *Dan*'s large Noſe, in modern Saphick,

I ſpend my Time in making Sermons,
Or writing Libels on the G——s,
Or murmuring at Whigs Preferments.

But when I would find Rhime for *Rochfort*,
And look in *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Scotch* for't,
At laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady *Betty* recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the Face of ſuch a Spectre.

I muſt confeſs that as to me, Sirs,
Tho' I ne'er ſaw her hold the Sciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

'Tis

'Tis true, no Noſe could come in better,
'Tis a vaſt Subject ſtuff'd with Matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take Courage, *Dan*, this plainly ſhows
That not the wiſeſt Mortal knows
What Fortune may befall his Noſe.

Shew me the brighteſt *Iriſh* Toaſt,
Who from her Lover e'er could boaſt,
Above a Song or two at moſt:

For thee three Poets now are drudging all,
To praiſe the Cheeks, Chin, Noſe the Bridge and all,
Both of the Picture and Original.

Thy Noſe's Length and Fame extend
So far, dear *Dan*, that ev'ry Friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the End.

And future Poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with Envy and Surprize,
Thy Noſe outſhining *Cœlia*'s Eyes.

SWIFT.

D—N

D—N J——N's *Anſwer.*

My Verſe little better you'll find than my Face is,
A Word to the Wiſe, ut pictura poeſis.

THREE merry Lads with Envy ſtung,
Becauſe *Dan*'s Face is better hung,
Combin'd in Verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its Place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By Number of their Feet in Metre,
Or that its Red did cauſe their Spight,
Which made them draw in Black and White.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd, by what they drew.
Let then ſuch Criticks know, my Face
Gives them their Comelineſs and Grace:
Whilſt ev'ry Line of Face does bring,
A Line of Grace to what they ſing;
But yet methinks, tho' with Diſgrace
Both to the Picture and the Face,

I ſhou'd name the Men who do rehearſe
The Story of the Picture-Farce;
The 'Squire in *French* as hard as Stone,
Or ſtrong as Rock, that's all as one,
On Face or Cards, is very briſk Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at Whiſk Sirs;
But much I wonder why my Cranny,
Shou'd envy'd be by *Deel-any*:
And yet much more, that half Name-ſake
Shou'd join a Party in the Freak;
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better Half,
As I ſhall prove you *Dan* to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if *Dan* love not *Sherry*, can
Sherry be any thing to *Dan?*
This is the Caſe, whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of *Sherry*;
Or ſhou'd *Dan* be by *Sherry* o'ertane
Then *Dan* would be poor *Sherridane*;
'Tis hard then he ſhou'd be decry'd
By *Dan* with *Sherry* by his Side.
But if the Caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That Faces ſuffer by a Card,
Let Criticks cenſure, what care I,
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from Injury.

Anſwer

Anſwer to D——N J——N, *by Mr.* G—GE . R—RT.

YOU ſay your Face is better hung
Than ours—By what? by Noſe or Tongue?
In not explaining you were wrong
to us Sir?
Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the Caſe,
That you have got a hanging Face,
Th' untimely End's a-damn'd Diſgrace
of Nooſe Sir.
But yet be not caſt down, I ſee
A Weaver will your Hangman be,
You'll only hang in Tapeſtry
with many.
And then the Ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your Longitude of Noſe,
For latent Charms within your Cloaths,
dear *Danny*.

Thus will the Fair of ev'ry Age,
From all Parts make their Pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy Noſe with pious Rage
of Love Sir.

All their Religion will be ſpent
About thy woven Monument,
And not one Oriſon be ſent
to *Jove* Sir.

You the fam'd Idol will become,
As Gardens grac'd in ancient *Rome*,
By Matrons worſhipp'd in the Gloom
of Night.

O happy *Dan!* thrice happy ſure!
Thy Fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after Death can love ſecure
at Sight.

So far I thought it was my Duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted Beauty;
Now I'll proceed a Word or two t'ye,
in Anſwer

To that Part where you carry on
This Paradox, that Rock and Stone,
In your Opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A Man

A Man of Reas'ning ſo profound,
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo different to confound
t'our Senſes?
Except you judg'd 'em by the Knock
Of near an equal hardy Block,
Such an experimental Stroak
convinces.
Then might you be, by Dint of Reaſon,
A proper Judge on this Occaſion;
'Gainſt Feeling there's no Diſputation,
is granted.
Therefore to thy ſuperior Wit,
Who made the Trial, we ſubmit,
Thy Head to prove the Truth of it
we wanted.
In one Aſſertion you're to blame,
Where *Dan* and *Sherry*'s made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your Name
refin'd Sir.
You'll ſee moſt groſly you miſtook,
If you conſult your Spelling-Book,
(The better Half you ſay you took)
you'll find Sir,

S, H, E, *Shi*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
Syllables.
Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your Choice will never do,
Therefore I've turn'd, my Friend, on you
the Tables.

Anſwer by Dr. D——NY.

ASSIST me, my Muſe, whilſt I labour to limn him
Credite Piſones iſti tabulæ perſimilem.
You look and you write with ſo diff'rent a Grace,
That I envy your Verſe, tho' I didn't your Face.
And to him that thinks rightly there's Reaſon enough,
'Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you ſhou'd think my Deſign
Was to rhyme down your Noſe, or your Harlequin Grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the Deel ſhou'd malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange that your Monſterſhip's Crany
Shou'd be envy'd by him, much leſs by *Delany*.
Tho' I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the Painter, altho' not the Picture.
And juſtly ſhe's envy'd, ſince a Fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by Her and *Raphell*.
Next, as to the Charge which you tell us is true,
That we were inſpir'd by the Subject we drew.
Inſpir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your Noſe, but the Fair-one that drew it;
Had your Noſe been the Muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Tho' perhaps it might juſtly've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the Diviſion of Words in your Staves,
Like my Country-man's Horn-comb, into three Halves,

I meddle not with't, but preſume to make merry,
You called *Dan* one half, and t'other half *Sherry:*
Now if *Dan*'s a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that *Sherry*'s two more.
For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That *Sherry*'s at leaſt of double the Value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the Verſe,
So Crouds in a Concert (like Actors in Farce)
Play two Parts in one, when Scrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When *Sherridan* ſends to *Merrydan* Anſwer.

Anſwer by Dr. S——N.

THREE merry Lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from Care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.
For were all Forms of Beauty thine,
Were you like *Nireus*, ſoft and fine,
She ſhou'd not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.
Then know from us, moſt beauteous *Dan*,
That Roughneſs beſt becomes a Man;
'Tis Women ſhould be pale and wan,
and taper.
And all your trifling Beaux and Fops,
Who comb their Brows and ſleek their Chops,
Are but the Offspring of Toy-ſhops,
meer Vapour.

We

We know your Morning Hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a Face;
Is this the Way you take your Glaſs?
forbear it.
Thoſe Loads of Paint upon your Toilet,
Will never mend your Face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it.
Drink Claret.
Your Cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they're like *Cynthia* in the Wain,
Or Breaſt of Gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or Pullet.
See, what by drinking you have done,
You've made your Phiz a Skeleton,
From the long Diſtance of your Crown,
t'your Gullet!

DAN JACKSON's *Reply.*

Written by the Dean *in the Name of* DAN J—N.

WEaried with ſaying Grace and Prayer,
I haſten'd down to Country Air,
To read your Anſwer, and prepare
Reply to't.
But your fair Lines ſo groſly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me or beſpatter?
I much ſuſpect you mean the latter,
ah Sly-boot!
It muſt be ſo; what elſe, alas,
Can mean my culling of a Face,
And all that ſtuff of Toylet, Glaſs,
and Box-comb?
But be't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you're a Dawb, whilſt I but paint,
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er Coxcomb?

I value

I value not your Jokes of Nooſe,
Your Gibes and all your foul Abuſe,
More than the Dirt beneath my Shoes,
nor fear it.
Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry Scare-crow of Skin and Bone,
To be call'd lean by a Skeleton,
who'd bear it?
'Tis true indeed, to curry Friends,
You ſeem to praiſe to make amends,
And yet before your Stanza ends
you flout me
'Bout latent Charms beneath my Cloaths;
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my Noſe
about me.
I paſs now where you ſleer and laugh
'Cauſe I call *Dan* my better half,
Oh, there you think you have me ſafe!
but hold Sir,
Is not a Penny often found
To be much greater than a Pound?
By your good Leave, my moſt profound
and bold Sir,

Dan's

Dan's noble Mettle, *Sherry* baſe;
So *Dan*'s the better, tho' the leſs,
An Ounce of Gold's worth ten of Braſs,
dull Pedant.
As to your Spelling, let me ſee,
If S H E makes *ſher*, and R I makes *ry*,
Good Spelling, Maſter, your Crany
has Lead on't.

Another Reply by the Dean in DAN JACKSON's *Name.*

THREE Days for Anſwer I have waited,
I thought an Ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
Poetaſter?
Henceforth acknowledge, that a Noſe
Of thy Dimenſion's fit for Proſe,
But ev'ry one that knows *Dan*, knows
thy Maſter.

Bluſh

Bluſh for Ill-ſpelling, for Ill-lines,
And fly with Hurry to *Ramines*;
Thy Fame, thy Genius now declines,
proud Boaſter.
I hear with ſome Concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the Score,
By clapping Billets on your Door
and Poſts Sir.
Thy Ruin, *Tom*, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your Baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.
I maul'd you when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, Proſtration is enough
to th' Lion.

SHERIDAN's *Submiſſion. Written by the Dean.*

Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas, ego vapulo tantum.

Poor *Sherry*, inglorious,
To *Dan* the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and Greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now ſubdu'd and ſuppliant Slave
Moſt humbly ſues for Pardon.
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I, vanquiſh'd, fled the Town,
Purſu'd and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry Peccavi,
And proſtrate, ſupplicate *pour ma vie.*
Your Mercy I rely on.
For you, my Conq'ror and my King,
In pard'ning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a Lion.

Alas,

Alas, Sir, I had no Deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For Spight I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'Squire with the hard Name,
The De'el too that ow'd me a Shame,
The Devil and *Delany*;

They tempted me t' attack your Highneſs,
And then, with wonted Wile and Slyneſs,
They left me in the Lurch.
Unhappy Wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my Spleen
But Ferula and Birch;

And they, alas, yield ſmall Relief,
Seem rather to renew my Grief,
My Wounds Bleed all anew:
For ev'ry Stroke goes to my Heart,
And at each Laſh I feel the Smart
Of Laſh laid on by you.

TOM MULLINEX *and* DICK.

TOM and *Dick* had equal Fame,
And both had equal Knowledge;
Tom cou'd write and ſpell his Name,
But *Dick* had ſeen a College.

Dick a Coxcomb, *Tom* was mad,
And both alike diverting,
Tom was held the merrier Lad,
But *Dick* the beſt at f—rting.

Dick would cock his Noſe in ſcorn,
But *Tom* was kind and loving;
Tom a Foot-Boy bred and born,
But *Dick* was from an Oven.

Dick could neatly dance a Jig,
But *Tom* was beſt at Borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
And *Dick* curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful Noiſe,
And ſcold at an Election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard Boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly Grace,
Dick nimbly ſkip the Gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn Face,
But *Dick* could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high Renown
Since he commenc'd Phyſician;
Tom was held by all the Town
The deeper Politician.

Tom had the genteeler Swing,
His Hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His Cane upon a Button.

Dick for Repartee was fit,
And *Tom* for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter Wit,
But *Tom* had better Learning.

Dick with zealous No's and Ay's,
Could roar as loud as *Stenter*,
In the Houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But *Tom* is eloquenter.

DICK, *A Maggot.*

AS when from rooting in a Bin,
All powder'd o'er from Tail to Chin;
A lively Maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel Snout:
So, when the Grandſon of his Grandſire,
Forth iſſues wriggling *Dick Drawcenſir*,
With powder'd Rump, and Back and Side,
You cannot blanch his tawny Hide;
For 'tis beyond the Pow'r of Meal,
The Gypſey Viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his Wainſcot Chops,
Down ev'ry mealy Atom drops
And leaves the Tartar Phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh T—d juſt dropt on Snow.

Clad all in Brown.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

FOULEST Brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this Brown doſt thou appear?
For, would'ſt thou make a fouler Show,
Thou muſt go naked all the Year.
Freſh from the Mud a wallowing Sow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the Coat that looks ſo dun,
His Hide emits a Foulneſs out,
Not one Jot better looks the Sun
Seen from behind a dirty Clout:
So T--rds within a Glaſs incloſe,
The Glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one Heap of Foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed Filth in e'ry Part,
Thy Body's cloathed like thy Soul.
Thy Soul, which through thy Hide of Buff,
Scarce glimmers, like a dying Snuff.

Old

Old carted Bawds ſuch Garments wear,
When pelted all with Dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* Bodies are,
As ſhrivelled and as black as thine.
If thou wer't in a Cart, I fear
Thou would'ſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The Neighbours think it is but juſt
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt Trade,
And weekly carry out our Duſt
Of cleanly Houſes who will doubt,
When *Dick* cries, *Duſt to carry out?*

DICK's *Variety.*

DULL Uniformity in Fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by Rules.
You, *Mullinex*, and ſlobb'ring *C*—
Who ev'ry Day and Hour the ſame are;
That vulgar Talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the Rabble's Eyes.
And when I liſten to the Noiſe,
Of Ideots roaring to the Boys;
To better Judgments ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little Wit in:

Nor can I the leaſt Diff'rence find,
But that you left no Clap behind.
But Jeſt apart, reſtore, you Capon ye,
My twelve Thirteens and Six-pence ha'penny.
To eat my Meat, and drink my Medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly Cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that Men in Gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *Crowns*.
Could you but *change* a Crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the Lady at St. *Cath'rines*
Knew how to ſet you better Patterns;
For this I will not dine with *Agmondiſham*,
And for his Victuals let a Ragman diſh 'em.
Saturday Night.

Thoughts on various SUBJECTS.

LAWS penned with the utmoſt Care and Exactneſs, and in the vulgar Language, are often perverted to wrong Meanings; then why ſhould we wonder that the Bible is ſo?

Although Men are accuſed for not knowing their Weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own Strength.

A Man ſeeing a Waſp creeping into a Vio fill'd with Honey, that was hung on a Fruit-Tree, ſaid thus: Why, thou ſottiſh Animal, art thou mad to go into that Viol, where you ſee many hundred of your Kind there dying in it before you. The Reproach is juſt, anſwered the Waſp, but not from you Men, who are ſo far from taking Example by other People's Follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling ſeveral Times into this Viol, and eſcaping by chance, I ſhould fall in again, I ſhould then but reſemble you.

An old Miſer kept a tame Jack-daw, that uſed to ſteal Pieces of Money, and hide them in a Hole, which the Cat obſerving, aſked, why he would hoard up thoſe round ſhining Things that he could make no uſe of? Why, ſaid the Jack-daw, my Maſter has a whole Cheſt-full, and makes no more uſe of them than I.

Men are content to be laughed at for their Wit, but not for their Folly.

If the Men of Wit and Genius would reſolve never to complain in their Works of Criticks and Detractors, the next Age would not know that they ever had any.

After

After all the Maxims and Syſtems of Trade and Commerce, a Stander-by would think the Affairs of the World were moſt ridiculouſly contrived.

There are few Countries, which if well cultivated, would not ſupport double the Number of their Inhabitants, and yet fewer where one Third of the People are not extremely ſtinted even in the Neceſſaries of Life. I ſend out twenty Barrels of Corn, which would maintain a Family in Bread for a Year, and I bring back in return a Veſſel of Wine which half a Dozen good Fellows would drink in leſs than a Month at the Expence of their Health and Reaſon.

A Motto for the Jeſuits:

Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

A Man would have but few Spectators, if he offered to ſhew for Three-pence how he could thruſt a red hot Iron into a Barrel of Gunpowder, and it ſhould not take Fire.

Query, Whether Churches are not Dormitories of the Living as well as of the Dead?

Harry Killegrew ſaid to Lord *Wharton*, "You "would not ſwear at this Rate, if you thought "you were doing God Honour."

A Copy of Verſes kept in the Cabinet, and only ſhewn to a few Friends, is like a Virgin,

much

much ſought after and admired; but when printed and publiſhed, is like a common Whore, whom any body may purchaſe for Half a Crown.

Lewis the XIVth of *France* ſpent his Life in turning a Good Name into a Great.

Since the Union of Divinity and Humanity is the great Article of our Religion, 'tis odd to ſee ſome Clergymen, in their Writings of Divinity, wholly devoid of Humanity.

The *Epicureans* began to ſpread at *Rome* in the Empire of *Auguſtus*, as the *Socinians*, and even the *Epicureans* too did in *England*, towards the End of King *Charles* the Second's Reign; which is reckoned, though very abſurdly, our *Auguſtan* Age. They both ſeem to be Corruptions occaſioned by Luxury and Peace, and by Politeneſs beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a Book with Pleaſure, and deteſt the Author.

At a Bookſeller's Shop, ſome time ago, I ſaw a Book with this Title; *Poems by the Author of the Choice.* Not enduring to read a dozen Lines, I aſked the Company with me, whether they had ever ſeen the Book, or heard of the Poem from whence the Author denominated himſelf; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with theſe ſmall Dealers

in Wit and Learning, to give themſelves a Title from their firſt Adventure, as *Don Quixot* uſually did from his laſt. This ariſeth from that great Importance which every Man ſuppoſeth himſelf to be of.

One *Dennis*, commonly call'd *the Critick*, who had writ a three-penny Pamphlet againſt the Power of *France*, being in the Country, and hearing of a *French* Privateer hovering about the Coaſt, although he were twenty Miles from the Sea, fled to Town, and told his Friends, they need not wonder at his Haſte; for the King of *France* having got Intelligence where he was, had ſent a Privateer on purpoſe to catch him.

Dr. *Gee*, Prebendary of *Weſtminſter*, who had writ a ſmall Paper againſt *Popery*, being obliged to travel for his Health, affected to diſguiſe his Perſon, and change his Name, as he paſſed through *Portugal*, *Spain*, and *Italy*; telling all the *Engliſh* he met, that he was afraid of being murder'd, or put into the Inquiſition. He was acting the ſame Farce at *Paris*, till Mr. *Prior* (who was then Secretary to the Ambaſſy) quite diſconcerted the Doctor, by maliciouſly diſcovering the Secret, and offering to engage Body for Body, that not a Creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his Pamphlet.

A Cham-

A Chamber-maid to a Lady of my Acquaintance, thirty Miles from *London*, had the very ſame Turn of Thought, when talking with one of her Fellow-Servants, ſhe ſaid; "I hear 'tis "all over *London* already, that I am going to "leave my Lady:" And ſo had a Footman, who being newly married, deſired his Comrade to tell him freely what the Town ſaid of it. When ſomebody was telling a certain great Miniſter, that People were diſcontented; "Poh, "ſaid he, half a dozen Fools are prating in a "Coffee-houſe, and preſently think their own "Noiſe about their Ears is made by the World."

The Death of a private Man is generally of ſo little Importance to the World, that it cannot be a Thing of great Importance in itſelf; and yet I do not obſerve from the Practice of Mankind, that either Philoſophy or Nature have ſufficiently arm'd us againſt the Fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extream Pain, Shame, or Deſpair; for Poverty, Impriſonment, ill Fortune, Grief, Sickneſs, and Old Age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the Cuſtom of bidding a Woman look upon her Apron-ſtrings to find an Excuſe? Was it not from the Apron of Fig-

leaves

leaves worn by *Eve*, when ſhe cover'd herſelf, and was the firſt of her Sex who made a bad Excuſe for eating the forbidden Fruit?

I never wonder to ſee Men wicked, but I often wonder to ſee them not aſhamed.

Do not we ſee how eaſily we pardon our own Actions and Paſſions, and the very Infirmities of our Bodies; why ſhould it be wonderful to find us pardon our own Dullneſs?

Dignity and Station, or great Riches, are in ſome Sort neceſſary to old Men, in order to keep the younger at a Diſtance, who are otherwiſe too apt to inſult them upon the Score of their Age.

There is no Vice or Folly that requires ſo much Nicety and Skill to manage, as Vanity; nor any which by ill Management makes ſo contemptible a Figure.

Obſervation is an old Man's Memory.

Politicks are nothing but Corruptions, and are conſequently of no Uſe to a good King, or a good Miniſtry; for which Reaſon all Courts are ſo full of Politicks.

Eloquence ſmooth and cutting, is like a Razor whetted with Oil.

Imaginary Evils ſoon become real ones, by indulging our Reflections on them; as he, who

in

in a melancholy Fancy ſees ſomething like a Face on the Wall or the Wainſcot, can by two or three Touches with a Lead Pencil, make it look viſible and agreeing with what he fancy'd.

Men of great Parts are often unfortunate in the Management of publick Buſineſs, becauſe they are apt to go out of the common Road, by the Quickneſs of their Imagination. This I once ſaid to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, and deſired he would obſerve, that the Clerks in his Office uſed a ſort of Ivory Knife with a blunt Edge, to divide a Sheet of Paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a ſtrong Hand; whereas if they ſhould make uſe of a ſharp Penknife, the Sharpneſs would make it go often out of the Creaſe, and disfigure the Paper.

He who does not provide for his own Houſe, St. *Paul* ſays, *is worſe than an Infidel.* And I think, he who provides only for his own Houſe, is juſt equal with an Infidel.

Jealouſy like Fire may ſhrivel up Horns, but it makes them ſtink.

A Footman's Hat ſhould fly off to every Body; and therefore, *Mercury*, who was *Jupiter*'s Footman, had Wings faſtened to his Cap.

When

When a Man pretends Love, but courts for Money, he is like a Juggler, who conjures away your Shilling, and conveys ſomething very undecent under the Hat.

All Panegyricks are mingled with an Infuſion of Poppy.

I have known Men happy enough at Ridicule, who upon grave Subjects were perfectly ſtupid; of which Doctr *Echard* of *Cambridge*, who writ *The Contempt of the Clergy*, was a great Inſtance.

One Top of *Parnaſſus* was ſacred to *Bacchus*, the other to *Apollo*.

Matrimony hath many Children; Repentance, Diſcord, Poverty, Jealouſy, Sickneſs, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Viſion is the Art of ſeeing Things inviſible.

The two Maxims of any great Man at Court are always, to keep his Countenance, and never to keep his Word.

I aſked a poor Man, how he did? He ſaid, he was like a Waſhball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *Aph.* 32. *Sect.* 6. obſerves, that ſtuttering People are always ſubject to a Looſeneſs. I wiſh Phyſicians had Power to remove the

the Profuſion of Words in many People to the inferior Parts.

A Man dreamt he was a Cuckold; a Friend told him it was a bad Sign, becauſe when a Dream is true, *Virgil* ſays it paſſes through the horned Gate.

Love is a Flame, and therefore we ſay, Beauty is attractive; becauſe Phyſicians obſerve, that Fire is a great Drawer.

Cives, the moſt honourable Name among the *Romans*; a Citizen, a Word of Contempt among us.

A Lady who had Gallantries and ſeveral Children, told her Huſband he was like the auſtere Man, who reaped where he did not ſow.

We read that an Aſs's Head was ſold for eighty Pieces of Silver; they have been lately ſold ten thouſand Times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I muſt complain the Cards are ill ſhuffled, till I have a good Hand.

Very few Men do properly live at preſent, but are providing to live another Time.

When I am reading a Book, whether wiſe or ſilly, it ſeems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different End of the Town from me, I look upon as Perſons out of the World, and only myſelf and the Scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the World as well as myſelf was wholly taken up in diſcourſing upon the laſt new Play.

My Lord *Cromarty*, after fourſcore, went to his Country Houſe in *Scotland*, with a Reſolution to ſtay ſix Years there and live thriftily, in order to ſave up Money, that he might ſpend in *London*.

It is ſaid of the Horſes in the Viſion, that their Power was in their Mouths and in their Tails. What is ſaid of Horſes in Viſion, in reality may be ſaid of Women.

Elephants are always drawn ſmaller than the Life, but a Flea always larger.

When old Folks tell us of many Paſſages in their Youth, between them and their Company, we are apt to think how much happier thoſe Times were than the preſent.

Why does the elder Siſter dance bare-foot when the Younger is marry'd before her? is it not that ſhe may appear ſhorter, and conſequently be thought younger than the Bride?

No

No Man will take Counſel, but every Man will take Money; therefore Money is better than Counſel.

I never yet knew a Wag (as the Term is) who was not a Dunce.

A Perſon reading to me a dull Poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to ſcratch out ſix Lines together; in turning over the Leaf, the Ink being wet, marked as many Lines on the other Side; whereof the Poet complaining, I bid him be eaſy, for it would be better if thoſe were out too.

At *Windſor* I was obſerving to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, that the Tower where the Maids of Honour lodged (who at that Time were not very Handſome) was much frequented with Crows. My Lord ſaid, it was becauſe they ſmelt Carrion.

Bons Mots de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate Acquaintance both in *England* and *Ireland*, in which laſt Kingdom ſhe lived from the eighteenth Year

of her Age, twenty-ſix Years, had the moſt and fineſt Accompliſhments of any Perſon I ever knew of either Sex. It was obſerved by all her Acquaintance, that ſhe never failed in Company to ſay the beſt Thing that was ſaid, whoever was by; yet her Companions were uſually Perſons of the beſt Underſtanding in the Kingdom. Some of us, who were her neareſt Friends, lamented that we never wrote down her Remarks, and what the *French* call *Bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourſelves at a Play called *What is it like?* One Perſon is to think, and the Reſt, without knowing the Thing, to ſay what it is like. The Thing thought on was the Spleen; ſhe had ſaid it was like an Oyſter, and gave her Reaſon immediately, becauſe it is removed by taking Steel inwardly.

Dr. *S*—— who ſquandered more than he could afford, took out his Purſe as he ſat by the Fire, and found it was very hot; ſhe ſaid, the Reaſon was, that his Money burnt in his Pocket.

She called to her Servants to know what ill Smell was in the Kitchen? they anſwered, they were making Matches: Well, ſaid ſhe,

I have

I have heard Matches were made in Heaven, but by the Brimſtone, one would think they were made in Hell.

After ſhe had been eating ſome ſweet Thing, a little of it happened to ſtick on her Lips; a Gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off; ſhe ſaid, no Sir, I thank you, I have a Tongue of my own.

In the late King's Time, a Gentleman aſk'd *Jervas* the Painter, where he lived in *London?* he anſwered, next Door to the King (for his Houſe was near St. *James*'s.) The other wondering how that could be; ſhe ſaid, you miſtake Mr. *Jervas*, for he only means next Door to the *Sign* of a King.

A Gentleman who had been very ſilly and pert in her Company, at laſt began to grieve at remembring the Loſs of a Child lately dead. A Biſhop ſitting by, comforted him that he ſhould be eaſy, becauſe the Child was gone to Heaven. No my Lord, ſaid ſhe, that is it which moſt grieves him, becauſe he is ſure never to ſee his Child there.

Having ſeen ſome Letters writ by a King in a very large Hand, and ſome Perſons wondering at them, ſhe ſaid it confirmed the old Saying, *That Kings had long Hands.*

Dr. *S*—— famous for punning, and intending to ſell a Bargain, ſaid, he had made a very good Pun. Some Body aſked, what it was? He anſwered my A——. The other taking Offence, ſhe inſiſted the Doctor was in the Right, for every Body knew that punning was his *blind Side.*

When ſhe was extreamly ill, her Phyſicians ſaid, Madam, you are near the Bottom of the Hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She anſwered, Doctor, I fear I ſhall be *out of Breath* before I get up to the Top.

A dull Parſon talking of a very ſmart Thing ſaid to another Parſon as he came out of the Pulpit, he was hammering a long Time, but could not remember the Jeſt; ſhe being impatient ſaid, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the Words were theſe: Sir, you have been blundering at a Story this half Hour, and can neither make Head nor Tail of it.

A very dirty Clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected Smartneſs and Repartee, was aſked by ſome of the Company how his Nails came to be ſo dirty? He was at a Loſs, but ſhe ſolved the Difficulty, by ſaying, the Doctor's Nails grew dirty by ſcratching *himſelf.*

A

A Quaker Apothecary ſent her a Vial corkt; it had a broad Brim, and a Label of Paper about its Neck. What is that, ſaid ſhe, my Apothecary's Son? The ridiculous Reſemblance, and the Suddenneſs of the Queſtion, ſet us all a Laughing.

A punning EPISTLE *on* MONEY.

Worthy Mr. PENNYFEATHER.

MADAM *Johnſon* has been very ill uſed by her Servants; they put Shillings into her Broth inſtead of Groats, which made her ſtamp. I hear they had them from one *Tom Ducket*, a Tenant to Major *Noble*, who I am told is reduced to a Nine-pence. We are doubting whether we ſhall dine at the *Crown* or the *Angel*. Honeſt *Mark Cob*, who has been much moyder'd of late, will dine with us, but Squire *Many-penny* and Captain *Starling* deſire to be excuſed, for they are engaged with *Ned Silver* to dine in *Change-Alley*. They live in great Har-mony, they met-al together laſt Week, and ſate as lovingly as Horſes in a Pound. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the Rino-ceros lately arrived here. A Captain was caſh-eered on *Wedneſday*. A Scavenger abuſed me this Morning, but I made

made him down with his Duſt, which indeed was a far thing from my Intentions. Mrs. *Brent* had a Pi-ſtole from her; I would a' ginny'e a good deal for ſuch another. Mrs. *Dingley* has made a Souſe for your collar'd Eel. Alderman *Goyn* preſents his Service to you. I have nothing but half-pens to write with, ſo that you muſt excuſe this Scrawl. One of my Seals fell into a Chink. I am, without Allay,

Your moſt obedient,

TOM. MITE.

P. S. Mr. *Cole* preſents his Service to you, of which I am a-teſter.

POST-SCRIPT.

Here is a Rhime; it is a Satire on an inconſtant Lover.

You are as faithleſs as a *Carthaginian*,
To love at once, *Kate*, *Nell*, *Doll*, *Martha*,
Jenny, *Anne*.

A LOVE-

A LOVE-SONG.

Apud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re ;
Alo veri findit a geſtis,
His mi ſeri ne ver at reſtis.

An EPIGRAM on DIC.

Dic, heris agro at, an da quarto finale
Fera ringat ure nos, an da ſtringat ure tale.

Cum multis, aliis quæ nunc, &c.

THE

THE DIFFICULTY OF *Knowing One's Self.* A SERMON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Manuſcript Title Page of the following Sermon being loſt, and no Memorandums writ upon it, as there were upon the others, when and where it was preached, made the Editor doubtful whether he ſhould print it as the Dean's, or not. But it's being found amongſt the ſame Papers; and the Hand, tho' writ ſomewhat better, bearing a great Similitude to the Dean's, made him willing to lay it before the Publick, that they might judge whether the Stile and Manner alſo does not render it ſtill more probable to be his.

THE DIFFICULTY OF *Knowing One's Self.* A SERMON.

2 KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verſe.

And Hazael *ſaid, But what, is thy Servant a Dog, that he ſhould do this great Thing?*

WE have here a very ſignal Inſtance of the Deceitfulneſs of the Heart, repreſented to us in the Perſon of *Hazael*; who was ſent to the Prophet *Eliſha*, to enquire of the Lord concerning his Maſter the King of *Syria*'s Recovery. For the Man of God having told him that the King might recover from the Diſorder he was then labouring under, begun to ſet and faſten his Countenance upon him

of

of a ſudden, and to break out into the moſt violent Expreſſions of Sorrow, and a deep Concern for it; whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of Shame and Confuſion, aſked, *Why weepeth my Lord?* he anſwered, *Becauſe I know all the Evil that thou wilt do unto the Children of Iſrael; their ſtrong Holds wilt thou ſet on fire, and their young Men wilt thou ſlay with the Sword, and wilt daſh their Children, and rip up their Women with Child.* Thus much did the Man of God ſay and know of him, by a Light darted into his Mind from Heaven. But *Hazael* not knowing himſelf ſo well as the other did, was ſtartled and amazed at the Relation, and would not believe it poſſible that a Man of his Temper could ever run out into ſuch enormous Inſtances of Cruelty and Inhumanity. *What,* ſays he, *is thy Servant a Dog, that he ſhould do this great Thing?*

And yet, for all this, 'tis highly probable that he was then that very Man, he could not imagine himſelf to be; for we find him, on the very next Day after his Return, in a very treacherous and diſloyal Manner murdering his own Maſter, and uſurping his Kingdom; which was but a Prologue to that ſad Tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the People of *Iſrael.*

And

And now the Caſe is but very little better with moſt Men, than it was with *Hazael*; however it comes to paſs, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own Temper and Diſpoſition, and know very little of what paſſes within them: For of ſo many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured Perſons that are in the World, where is there one of them, who altho' he has all the Symptoms of the Vice appearing upon every Occaſion, can look with ſuch an impartial Eye upon himſelf, as to believe that the Imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundleſs and unfair? who, if he were told by Men of a diſcerning Spirit and a ſtrong Conjecture, of all the evil and abſurd Things which that falſe Heart of his would at one Time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much as *Hazael* did before him? Thus, for Inſtance; tell an angry Perſon, that he is weak and impotent, and of no Conſiſtency of Mind; tell him, that ſuch or ſuch a little Accident, which he may then deſpiſe, and think much below a Paſſion, ſhall hereafter make him ſay and do ſeveral abſurd, indiſcreet, and miſbecoming Things: He may perhaps own that he has a Spirit of Reſentment within him, that will not

let

let him be impoſed on, but he fondly imagine that he can lay a becoming Reſtraint upon it when he pleaſes, tho' 'tis ever running away with him into ſome Indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring down the Words of my Text to our preſent Occaſion, I ſhall endeavour, in a further Proſecution of them, to evince the great Neceſſity of a nice and curious Inſpection into the ſeveral Receſſes of the Heart, that being the ſureſt and the ſhorteſt Method that a wicked Man can take to reform himſelf: For let us but ſtop the Fountain, and the Streams will ſpend and waſte themſelves away in a very little Time; but if we go about, like Children, to raiſe a Bank, and to ſtop the Current, not taking Notice all the while of the Spring which continually feeds it, when the next Flood of a Temptation riſes and breaks in upon it, then we ſhall find that we have begun at the wrong End of our Duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had ſat ſtill, and made no Advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer Explanation of this Point, I ſhall ſpeak to theſe following Particulars.

Firſt,

Firſt, By endeavouring to prove, *from particular Inſtances*, that Man is generally the moſt ignorant Creature in the World of himſelf.

Secondly, By enquiring into the Grounds and Reaſons of this Ignorance.

Thirdly, and Laſtly, By propoſing ſeveral Advantages that *do moſt aſſuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourſelves.

Firſt then. To prove that Man is generally the moſt ignorant Creature in the World, of himſelf.

To purſue the Heart of Man thro' all the Inſtances of Life, in all its ſeveral Windings and Turnings, and under that infinite Variety of Shapes and Appearances which it puts on, would be a difficult and almoſt impoſſible Undertaking; ſo that I ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch as have a nearer Reference to the preſent Occaſion, and do, upon a cloſer View, ſhew themſelves thro' the whole Buſineſs of Repentance. For we all know what it is to repent, but whether he repents him truly of his Sins or no, who can know it?

Now the great Duty of Repentance is chiefly made up of theſe two Parts, a hearty Sorrow for the Follies and Miſcarriages of the Time paſt, and a full Purpoſe and Reſolution of Amendment for the Time to come. And now, to ſhew the Falſeneſs of the Heart in both theſe Parts of Repentance. And

Firſt, As to a hearty Sorrow for the Sins and Miſcarriages of the Time paſt. Is there a more uſual Thing than for a Man to impoſe upon himſelf, by putting on a grave and demure Countenance, by caſting a ſevere Look into his paſt Conduct, and making ſome few pious and devout Reflections upon it, and then to believe that he has repented to an excellent Purpoſe, without ever letting it ſtep forth into Practice, and ſhew itſelf in a holy Converſation? Nay, ſome Perſons do carry the Deceit a little higher; who if they can but bring themſelves to weep for their Sins, they are then full of an ill-grounded Confidence and Security; never conſidering that all this may prove to be no more than the very Garb and outward Dreſs of a contrite Heart, which another Heart, as hard as the nether Mill-ſtone, may as well put on. For Tears and Sighs, however in ſome *Perſons* they may be decent and commendable Expreſ-

Expreſſions of a godly Sorrow, are neither neceſſary, nor infallible Signs of a true and unfeigned Repentance. Not neceſſary, becauſe ſometimes, and in ſome Perſons, the inward Grief and Anguiſh of the Mind may be too big to be expreſs'd by ſo little a Thing as a Tear, and then it turns its Edge inwards upon the Mind; and like thoſe Wounds of the Body which bleed inwardly, it generally proves the moſt fatal and dangerous to the whole Body of Sin: Not infallible, becauſe a very ſmall Portion of Sorrow may make ſome tender Diſpoſitions melt, and break out into Tears; or a Man may perhaps weep at parting with his Sins, as he would to bid the laſt Farewel to an old Friend that he was ſure never to ſee again.

But there is ſtill a more pleaſant Cheat in this Affair, that when we find a Deadneſs, and a ſtrange kind of Unaptneſs and Indiſpoſition to all Impreſſions of Religion, and that we cannot be as truly ſorry for our Sins as we ſhould be, we then pretend to be ſorry that we are not more ſorry for them; which is not leſs abſurd and irrational, than that a Man ſhould pretend to be very angry at a Thing, becauſe he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this Part of Repentance, we expect to make it up in the next; and to that Purpoſe we put on a Reſolution of Amendment, which we take to be as firm as a Houſe built upon a Rock; ſo that let the Floods ariſe, and the Winds blow, and the Streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing ſhall ſhake it into Ruin and Diſorder. We doubt not, upon the Strength of this Reſolve, to ſtand faſt and unmoved amidſt the Storm of a Temptation; and do firmly believe, at the Time we make it, that nothing in the World will ever be able to make us commit thoſe Sins over again, which we have ſo firmly reſolved againſt.

Thus many a Time have we come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full Purpoſe of Amendment, and with as full a Perſwaſion of putting that ſame Purpoſe into Practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that good Purpoſe, and falſified that ſame Perſwaſion, by ſtarting aſide, like a broken Bow, into thoſe very Sins, which we then ſo ſolemnly and ſo confidently declared againſt?

Whereas had but any other Perſon entered with us into a Vow ſo ſolemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it, I believe had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon

on the Vow, we ſhould hardly ever after be prevailed upon to truſt that Man again, tho' we ſtill continue to truſt our own Hearts, againſt Reaſon and againſt Experience.

This indeed is a dangerous Deceit enough, and will of courſe betray all thoſe well-meaning Perſons into Sin and Folly, who are apt to take Religion for a much eaſier thing than it is. But this is not the only Miſtake we are apt to run into; we do not only think ſometimes that we can do more than we can do, but ſometimes that we are incapable of doing leſs; an Error of another Kind indeed, but not leſs dangerous, ariſing from a Diffidence and a falſe Humility. For how much a wicked Man can do in the Buſineſs of Religion, if he would but do his beſt, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to ſee a wicked Man running headlong into Sin and Folly, againſt his Reaſon, againſt his Religion, and againſt his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite Diſparagement to his Underſtanding, which, at another Time, he ſets no ſmall Value upon; tell him that it will blacken his Reputation, which he had rather die for than loſe; tell him that the Pleaſure

of the Sin is ſhort and tranſient, and leaves a vexatious kind of a Sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him that this is one of thoſe things for which God will moſt ſurely bring him to Judgment, which he pretends to believe with a full Aſſurance and Perſuaſion: And yet for all this, he ſhuts his Eyes againſt all Conviction, and ruſhes into the Sin, like a Horſe into the Battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but like a ſilly Child to wink hard, and to think to eſcape a certain and an infinite Miſchief, only by endeavouring not to ſee it.

And now to ſhew that the Heart has given in a falſe Report of the Temptation, we may learn from this, that the ſame weak Man would reſiſt and maſter the ſame powerful Temptation, upon Conſiderations of infinitely leſs Value, than thoſe which Religion offers, nay, ſuch vile Conſiderations, that the Grace of God cannot without Blaſphemy be ſuppoſed to add any manner of Force and Efficacy to them. Thus for Inſtance, it would be a hard Matter to dreſs up a Sin in ſuch ſoft and tempting Circumſtances, that a truly covetous Man would not reſiſt for a conſiderable Sum of Money; when neither the Hopes of Heaven nor the Fears of Hell

Hell could make an Impreſſion upon him before. But can any thing be a ſurer Indication of the Deceitfulneſs of the Heart, than thus to ſhew more Courage, Reſolution, and Activity in an ill Cauſe, than it does in a good one? and to exert itſelf to better Purpoſe, when it is to ſerve its own Pride, or Luſt, or Revenge, or any other Paſſion, than when it is to ſerve God upon the Motives of the Goſpel, and upon all the Arguments that have ever been made uſe of to bring Men over to Religion and a good Life? And thus having ſhewn that a Man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impoſe upon himſelf, in paſſing thro' the ſeveral Stages of that great Duty, Repentance, I proceed now in the

Second Place, To enquire into the Grounds and Reaſons of this Ignorance, *and to ſhew whence it comes to paſs that a Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himſelf, ſhould know ſo little of what paſſes within him, and be ſo very much unacquainted even with the ſtanding Diſpoſitions and Complexion of his own Heart.* The prime Reaſon of it is, becauſe we ſo very ſeldom converſe with ourſelves, and take ſo little Notice of what paſſes within us: For a Man can

no more know his own Heart than he can know his own Face, any other Way than by Reflection: He may as well tell over every Feature of the ſmaller Portions of his Face without the Help of a Looking-Glaſs, as he can tell all the inward Bents and Tendencies of the Soul, thoſe ſtanding Features and Lineaments of the inward Man, and know all the various Changes that this is liable to from Cuſtom, from Paſſion, and from Opinion, without a very frequent Uſe of looking within himſelf.

For our Paſſions and Inclinations are not always upon the Wing, and always moving towards their reſpective Objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden Receſſes of the Heart, where they lie conceal'd for a while, till a freſh Occaſion calls them forth again: So that not every tranſient, oblique Glance upon the Mind can bring a Man into a thoro' Knowledge of all its Strengths and Weakneſſes; for a Man may ſometimes turn the Eye of the Mind inward upon itſelf, as he may behold his natural Face in a Glaſs, and go away, and ſtrait forget what manner of Man he was. But a Man muſt rather ſit down and unravel every Action of the paſt Day into all its Circumſtances and Particularities, and obſerve how every

every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of Impreſſion it made upon his Heart; this done with that Frequency and Carefulneſs which the Importance of the Duty does require, would in a ſhort time bring him into a near and intimate Acquaintance with himſelf.

But when Men inſtead of this do paſs away Months and Years in a perfect Slumber of the Mind, without once awaking it, it is no Wonder they ſhould be ſo very ignorant of themſelves, and know very little more of what paſſes within them, than the very Beaſts which periſh. But here it may not be amiſs to enquire into the Reaſons why moſt Men have ſo little Converſation with themſelves.

And 1*ſt*, Becauſe this Reflection is a Work and Labour of the Mind, and cannot be perform'd without ſome Pain and Difficulty: For before a Man can reflect upon himſelf, and look into his Heart with a ſteady Eye, he muſt contract his Sight, and collect all his ſcatter'd and roving Thoughts into ſome Order and Compaſs, that he may be able to take a clear and diſtinct View of them; he muſt retire from the World for a while, and be unattentive to all Impreſſions of Senſe; and how hard and painful

painful a thing muſt it needs be to a Man of Paſſion and Infirmity, amidſts ſuch a Crowd of Objects that are continually ſtriking upon the Senſe, and ſolliciting the Affections, not to be mov'd and interrupted by one or other of them. But,

2*dly*, Another Reaſon why we ſo ſeldom converſe with ourſelves, is, becauſe the Buſineſs of the World takes up all our Time, and leaves us no portion of it to be ſpent upon this great Work and Labour of the Mind. Thus twelve or fourteen Years paſs away before we can well diſcern Good from Evil; and of the reſt ſo much goes away in Sleep, ſo much in the ordinary Buſineſs of Life, and ſo much in the proper Buſineſs of our Calling, that we have none to lay out upon the more ſerious and religious Employments. Every Man's Life is an imperfect ſort of a Circle, which he repeats and runs over every Day; he has a Set of Thoughts, Deſires, and Inclinations which return upon him in their proper Time and Order, and will very hardly be laid aſide to make room for any thing new and uncommon: So that call upon him when you pleaſe, to ſet about the Study of his own Heart, and you are ſure to find him pre-engag'd; either he has

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ſome Buſineſs to do, or ſome Diverſion to take, ſome Acquaintance that he muſt viſit, or ſome Company that he muſt entertain, or ſome croſs Accident has put him out of Humour, and unfitted him for ſuch a grave Employment. And thus it comes to paſs that a Man can never find Leiſure to look into himſelf, becauſe he does not ſet apart ſome Portion of the Day for that very Purpoſe, but fooliſhly defers it from one Day to another, till his Glaſs is almoſt run out, and he is call'd upon to give a miſerable Account of himſelf in the other World. But,

3*dly*, Another Reaſon why a Man does not more frequently converſe with himſelf, is, becauſe ſuch a Converſation with his own Heart may diſcover ſome Vice or ſome Infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himſelf guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful Thing to a Man, than to find that upon a nearer View he is not that Perſon he took himſelf to be? that he has neither the Courage, nor the Honeſty, nor the Piety, nor the Humility that he dreamt he had? that a very little Pain, for inſtance, puts him out of all Patience, and as little Pleaſure ſoftens and diſarms him into Eaſe and Wantonneſs?

neſs? that he has been at more Pains, and Labour, and Coſt, to be revenged of an Enemy, than to oblige the beſt Friend he has in the World? that he cannot bring himſelf to ſay his Prayers without a great deal of Reluctancy; and when he does ſay them, the Spirit and Fervour of Devotion evaporates in a very ſhort Time, and he can ſcarcely hold out a Prayer of ten Lines, without a Number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked Thoughts coming into his Head? Theſe are very unwelcome Diſcoveries that a Man may make of himſelf; ſo that 'tis no wonder that every one, who is already flush'd with a good Opinion of himſelf, ſhould rather ſtudy how to run away from it, than how to converſe with his own Heart.

But further. If a Man were both able and willing to retire into his own Heart, and to ſet apart ſome Portion of the Day for that very Purpoſe; yet he is ſtill diſabled from paſſing a fair and impartial Judgment upon himſelf, by ſeveral Difficulties, ariſing partly from Prejudice and Prepoſſeſſion, partly from the lower Appetites and Inclinations. And,

Firſt, That the Buſineſs of Prepoſſeſſion may lead and betray a Man into a falſe Judgment of his own Heart. For we may obſerve, that the

the firſt Opinion we take up of any Thing, or of any Perſon, does generally ſtick cloſe to us; the Nature of the Mind being ſuch, that it cannot but deſire, and conſtantly endeavour to have ſome certain Principles to go upon, ſomething fix'd and unmoveable, whereon it may reſt and ſupport itſelf. And hence it comes to paſs, that ſome Perſons are with ſo much Difficulty brought to think well of a Man they have once entertained an ill Opinion of; and perhaps, that too for a very abſurd and unwarrantable Reaſon. But how much more difficult then muſt it be for a Man, who takes up a fond Opinion of his own Heart, long before he has either Years or Senſe enough to underſtand it, either to be perſuaded out of it by himſelf, whom he loves ſo well, or by another, whoſe Intereſt or Diverſion it may be to make him aſhamed of himſelf? Then,

Secondly, As to the Difficulties ariſing from the inferior Appetites and Inclinations, let any Man look into his own Heart, and obſerve in how different a Light, and under what different Complexions any two Sins of equal Turpitude and Malignity do appear to him, if he has but a ſtrong Inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he has

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an Inclination to, is always dreſſed up in all the falſe Beauty that a fond and buſy Imagination can give it; the other appears naked and deformed, and in all the true Circumſtances of Folly and Diſhonour. Thus Stealing is a Vice that few Gentlemen are inclined to; and they juſtly think it below the Dignity of a Man to ſtoop to ſo baſe and low a Sin; but no Principle of Honour, no Workings of the Mind and Conſcience, not the ſtill Voice of Mercy, not the dreadful Call of Judgment, nor any Conſiderations whatſoever, can put a Stop to that Violence and Oppreſſion, that Pride and Ambition, that Revelling and Wantonneſs, which we every Day meet with in the World. Nay, 'tis eaſy to obſerve very different Thoughts in a Man, of the Sin that he is moſt fond of, according to the different Ebbs and Flows of his Inclination to it. For as ſoon as the Appetite is alarm'd, and ſeizes upon the Heart, a little Cloud gathers about the Head, and ſpreads a kind of Darkneſs over the Face of the Soul, whereby 'tis hindered from taking a clear and diſtinct View of Things; but no ſooner is the Appetite tired and ſatiated, but that ſame Cloud paſſes away like a Shadow, and a new Light ſpringing up in the Mind of a ſudden, the Man ſees

ſees much more, both of the Folly and of the Danger of the Sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the ſeveral Reaſons why Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himſelf, is ſo very ignorant of what paſſes within him, and ſo much unacquainted with the ſtanding Diſpoſitions and Complexion of his own Heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and *Laſt* Place, to lay down ſeveral Advantages, that do *moſt aſſuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourſelves. And,

Firſt, One great Advantage is, that it tends very much to mortify and humble a Man into a modeſt and low Opinion of himſelf. For let a Man take a nice and curious Inſpection into all the ſeveral Regions of the Heart, and obſerve every thing irregular and amiſs within him; for Inſtance, how narrow and ſhort-ſighted a Thing is the Underſtanding; upon how little Reaſon do we take up an Opinion, and upon how much leſs ſometimes do we lay it down again; how weak and falſe Ground do we often walk upon with the biggeſt Confidence and Aſſurance, and how tremulous and doubtful we are very often, where no Doubt is to be made: Again; how wild

wild and impertinent, how buſy and incoherent a Thing is the Imagination, even in the beſt and wiſeſt Men; inſomuch that every Man may be ſaid to be mad, but every Man does not ſhew it. Then as to the Paſſions; how noiſy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous they are; how eaſily are they ſtirred and ſet a going, how eager and hot in the Purſuit, and what ſtrange Diſorder and Confuſion do they throw a Man into; ſo that he can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor act as he ſhould do, while he is under the Dominion of any one of them.

Thus let every Man look with a ſevere and impartial Eye into all the diſtinct Regions of the Heart, and no doubt, ſeveral Deformities and Irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and diſcloſe themſelves upon ſo near a View; and rather make the Man aſhamed of himſelf, than proud.

Secondly, A due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourſelves, does certainly ſecure us from the ſly and inſinuating Aſſaults of Flattery. There is not in the World a baſer, and more hateful Thing than Flattery; it proceeds from ſo much Falſeneſs and Inſincerity in the Man that gives it, and often diſcovers ſo much Weakneſs and Folly in the Man that takes it, that

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'tis hard to tell which of the two is moſt to be blamed. Every Man of common Senſe can demonſtrate in Speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the Praiſes and Commendations of the whole World can add no more to the real and intrinſick Value of a Man, than they can add to his Stature. And yet, for all this, Men of the beſt Senſe and Piety, when they come down to the Practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themſelves, when they have the good Fortune to be ſpoken well of by other Perſons.

But the Meaning of this abſurd Proceeding ſeems to be no other than this; there are few Men that have ſo intimate an Acquaintance with their own Heart, as to know their own real Worth, and how to ſet a juſt Rate upon themſelves, and therefore they don't know, but that he who praiſes them moſt, may be moſt in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a Man were ignorant of the true Value of a Thing he loved as well as himſelf, he would meaſure the Worth of it according to the Eſteem of him who bids moſt for it, rather than of him that bids leſs.

Therefore, the moſt infallible Way to diſentangle a Man from the Snares of Flattery, is to conſult and ſtudy his own Heart; for whoever does that well, will hardly be ſo abſurd, as to

take another Man's Word before his own Senſe and Experience.

Thirdly, Another Advantage from this kind of Study, is this, that it teaches a Man how to behave himſelf patiently, when he has the ill Fortune to be cenſured and abuſed by other People. For a Man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own Heart, does already know much more Evil of himſelf, than any Body elſe can tell him; and when any one ſpeaks ill of him, he rather thanks God, that he can ſay no worſe. For could his Enemy but look into the dark and hidden Receſſes of the Heart, he conſiders what a Number of impure Thoughts he might there ſee brooding and hovering like a dark Cloud upon the Face of the Soul; that there he might take a Proſpect of the Fancy, and view it acting over the ſeveral Scenes of Pride, of Ambition, of Envy, of Luſt, and Revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious Inclination has been reſtrain'd, for no other Reaſon but juſt to ſave the Man's Credit or Intereſt in the World; and how many unbecoming Ingredients have enter'd into the Compoſition of his beſt Actions. And now, what Man in the whole World would be able to bear ſo ſevere a Teſt, to have every Thought

Thought and inward Motion of the Heart laid open and expoſed to the View of his Enemies? But,

Fourthly, and *Laſtly*; Another Advantage of this kind is, that it makes Men leſs ſevere upon other People's Faults, and leſs buſy and induſtrious in ſpreading them. For a Man, employ'd at Home, inſpecting into his own Failings, has not Leiſure enough to take Notice of every little Spot and Blemiſh that lies ſcatter'd upon others. Or if he cannot eſcape the Sight of them, he always paſſes the moſt eaſy and favourable Conſtruction upon them. Thus, for Inſtance; Does the Ill he knows of a Man proceed from an unhappy Temper and Conſtitution of Body? he then conſiders with himſelf, how hard a Thing it is, not to be borne down with the Current of the Blood and Spirits, and accordingly lays ſome Part of the Blame upon the Weakneſs of human Nature, for he has felt the Force and Rapidity of it within his own Breaſt; tho' perhaps, in another Inſtance, he remembers how it rages and ſwells by Oppoſition; and tho' it may be reſtrain'd, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally ſubdued.

Or has the Man ſinned out of Cuſtom? he then, from his own Experience, traces a Habit into the very firſt Riſe and imperfect Beginnings of it; and can tell by how ſlow and inſenſible Advances it creeps upon the Heart; how it works itſelf by Degrees into the very Frame and Texture of it, and ſo paſſes into a ſecond Nature; and conſequently he has a juſt Senſe of the great Difficulty for him to learn to do Good, who has been long accuſtom'd to do Evil.

Or, Laſtly, Has a falſe Opinion betray'd him into a Sin? He then calls to Mind what wrong Apprehenſions he has had of ſome Things himſelf; how many Opinions, that he once made no Doubt of, he has, upon a ſtricter Examination, found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreaſonable, and abſurd. He knows further, that there are a great many more Opinions that he has never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he ſtill believes, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he has believed them ſo long already without a Reaſon. Thus, upon every Occaſion, a Man intimately acquainted with himſelf, conſults his own Heart; and makes every Man's Caſe to be his own (and ſo puts the moſt favourable Interpre-

terpretation upon it.) Let every Man therefore look into his own Heart, before he begins to abuſe the Reputation of another, and then he will hardly be ſo abſurd, as to throw a Dart that will ſo certainly rebound and wound himſelf. And thus, thro' the whole Courſe of his Converſation, let him keep an Eye upon that one great and comprehenſive Rule of Chriſtian Duty, on which hangs not only the Law and the Prophets, but the very Life and Spirit of the Goſpel too; *Whatſoever ye would that Men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them.* Which Rule, that we may all duly obſerve, by throwing aſide all Scandal and Detraction, all Spite and Rancour, all Rudeneſs and Contempt, all Rage and Violence, and whatſoever tends to make Converſation and Commerce either uneaſy, or troubleſome, may the God of Peace grant for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, *&c.*

Conſider what has been ſaid, and the Lord give you a right Underſtanding in all Things. To whom with the Son and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour and Glory, now and for ever.

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